

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE FOURTH.

Vol. I.

MARCH, 1812.

No. III.

ART. I.—*History of Scotland, during the Reign of Robert I. Surnamed the Bruce. By Robert Kerr, F. R. S. and F. A. S. Ed. 2 Vols. 8vo. Longman, 1811, £1 6s.*

IT would be doing an act of injustice to the memory of one of the greatest sovereigns who have ever filled the English throne, to institute any comparison between our Edward the first and the present ruler of France, without paying in the first place that tribute which is fit to the very superior virtues and courage, we may perhaps add, abilities and policy, of the former character. Fortune alone has been more propitious to Bonaparte than to Plantagenet. In all other respects, historians will duly appreciate the difference which exists between them. But notwithstanding this general difference, there are also many points of resemblance in their respective histories, so striking, that we are persuaded, if one had been born a Grecian, and the other a Roman, worthy, the Sage of Chæroneæ would have had no hesitation in making them the subject of one of his parallels.

In the account which we possess of Edward's usurpation of Scotland, the points of comparison are so numerous that one might almost conclude from them that Napoleon had made it the model of his projected conquest of Spain. Both availed themselves of similar dissensions in the unhappy nation which they intended to become their prey. Both proposed themselves as mediators between the several pretenders to the sovereignty of the respective kingdoms. Both secured, or fancied they secured, the possession of that which they pretended to award, by

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treacherously seizing the principal fortresses, and introducing their own armies, in times of profound peace, and under cover of the closest engagements of amity. Both affected to justify and defend their infamous encroachments by pretences of ancient sovereignty equally unjust and exploded.

Both preserved and extended by violence and terror that which they had acquired by fraud. Both opposed the resistance which a free and loyal people made to their oppressions by acts of the most savage cruelty and of the deepest perfidy. Reverse the picture, and (thanks be to God) as far as it is yet completed, we witness with the most triumphant pleasure an equally striking resemblance, a whole nation rising in arms to avenge its rights and chastise their insulting violators. Undismayed by defeats and repulses innumerable, unsubdued by tyranny, invincible even by artifice and dissimulation, repairing all its heavy wounds and losses with the most unwearied diligence, and baffling the invaders by their own engines of waste and desolation. Among the independent Spanish chieftains, the captains of their warlike guerillas, our imagination beholds revived the Wallaces and Douglasses of Scotland. Already have they, like their illustrious forerunners in the cause of independence and justice, revenged some of their manifold injuries upon the native soil of the aggressors; and we look on in hope that some Bruce may ere long arise to complete the grand work of redemption, and replace his country in that proud and exalted station to which she naturally belongs, and from which she had defiance to the world till humbled and reduced to insignificance by a Bourbon monarchy, and the corrupting influence of French ascendancy. The only points, it is to be hoped, in which the comparison will be found to fail, are those in which, for the honour of our nation, the English conqueror may be exculpated from half the enormity of his ambitious conduct. They are to be found, principally, in the turbulent spirit of the times, the then unsettled state of all governments, the arbitrary rules of succession, the imperfect knowledge of history, and the undefined extent of feudal supremacy and feudal homage. A tempting bait was held out to the ambition of Edward, which he had not the virtue to resist. The temptation of Bonaparte springs from his own corrupt mind, and was created by his own innate obliquity of character.

When, after the unfortunate extinction of the royal family of Scotland, the arbitration between the several

competitors for the crown of that kingdom was referred to Edward, no suspicions seem to have been entertained of his ambitious views. Those views, it is probable, at first sprung out of the just and politic project, which had been formed, of a legal union of the crowns by the marriage of Edward's son with Margaret, the youthful heiress; and the king of England, having long flattered his imagination with the prospect of that connection, could not persuade himself to relinquish the splendid hopes which he had conceived, when they ought to have experienced their termination at the death of the princess. Under these circumstances, the voluntary appeal of the whole nation to his judgment, and their promise to abide by the decision, was irresistibly tempting to his ambition. The claim which he then made of feudal supremacy, however ill-founded, does not seem to have been indignantly resisted, as it ought to have been, by those who were then occupied in contending with each other for the sovereignty of the weaker state; and his award in favour of John Baliol was, according to the rules of succession then beginning to be settled among the nations of Europe, unquestionably equitable.* In all these transactions, whatever there was of injustice, was, at least, open and undisguised; the concessions made were voluntary, and the rights asserted were not called in question. Had he pursued his views of aggrandizement with equal moderation and policy, it may, with tolerable safety, be conjectured that he would ultimately have attained his object, which, if he afterwards lost by adopting a contrary line of conduct, even his enemies must acknowledge that that conduct may, in some degree, be justified by the circumstances which gave birth to it.

The character of Baliol has been differently appretiated: yet historians seem to be pretty well agreed that he was ill qualified for the arduous duties to which he was called, except Lord Hailes, who, in his annals of Scotland, undertakes his apology.

'An ill-fated prince,' he says, 'censured for doing homage to Edward, and never applauded for asserting the national independence. Yet, in his original offence, he had the example of

From the list of competitors, and grounds of their several claims, given in pages 39, 40, 41, of the work before us, it would appear that eight, at least, of the number had a better title than Baliol; and this from the strange omission of stating that the pretended descents from William the Lion and Alexander the Second, were all illegitimate.

Bruce; and, at his revolt, he saw the rival family combatting under the banners of England. His attempt to shake off a foreign yoke, speaks him of a high spirit, impatient of injuries. He erred in enterprising beyond his strength: in the cause of liberty, it was a meritorious error. He confided in the valour and unanimity of his subjects, and in the assistance of France. The efforts of his subjects were languid and discordant, and France beheld his ruin with the indifference of an unconcerned spectator.

The author of this work finds fault with the opinions here maintained, and estimates the character of Baliol less favourably; but, we think with him, more justly also. His defeat seems to have been want of capacity and firmness, not of virtuous inclination. He cannot justly be censured for doing homage to England, which all the Scottish barons, and all his competitors for the crown, had done before him, and for which he had the example of some of the best Scottish kings in former ages. When Edward attempted openly to convert his alleged feudal supremacy into absolute sovereignty, and cited him to appear in the courts of England as a mere tributary and dependent vassal, he can still less be censured for the spirit which urged him to resist, or reproached with ill faith in resisting, so unjust and violent an usurpation. But his measures were ill-timed and inconsiderate; and, in action, he wanted the courage, which his situation demanded, to run all hazards in maintaining what he had undertaken, and to persist in it even to the last extremity. Yet, as the first assertor of his country's independence at a time when all her nobles seem to have abandoned the cause of their birth-right, he seems to have been affectionately regarded by his subjects long after he had ceased to reign among them: his forced renunciation in favour of the usurper was no more recognised by them than that of Ferdinand the Seventh by the Spaniards of our days; and his name, like that of Ferdinand, served as a standard of union for the patriotic party, while he himself lived and died, forgotten and obscure, upon his old hereditary estate in Normandy.

The history of Wallace has been so confounded with fiction and romance, that it is become somewhat difficult to consider him simply as a real historical personage. Yet, on being divested of all his poetical ornaments, he remains no less the object of admiration and reverence to all who know how to honour duly the noblest attributes of our nature. Enough is left for this purpose after dis-

carding all the absurd and improbable tales of Blind Harry and Hector Boece. Among the generally received anecdotes of this extraordinary person which are properly contradicted in the history now before us, is that very amusing one of his imagined conference with Bruce after the battle of Falkirk. Hume, eager to embellish his history with a tale which, from its moral effect, every reader might wish to be true, inserts it in his text, while he acknowledges in a note that the silence of the best contemporary annalists may render its authenticity suspected. But it is in this book clearly shewn that Bruce was, at the time supposed, actually engaged on the patriotic side in a distant quarter of the kingdom, and that he certainly could not have been present at Falkirk either in the English army or in that of their opponents. The other anecdote here exploded, is that of Sir John Menteith's treason. Menteith was, at this time, governor of Dumbarton Castle for the king of England. Consequently it is impossible that Wallace should have put himself under his protection. But Wallace, when taken, was committed to the custody of Menteith, and it is probably to that circumstance alone that the story owed its origin.

The paltry jealousy of the Scottish nobles, which deprived Wallace of his command and Scotland of her champion, is better founded.

'According to Fordun, it was the language among the nobility, "*We will not have this man to rule over us.*" His elevation wounded their pride; his great services reproached their inactivity in the public cause. Pride and envy might affect to consider his hereditary grants as an alarming exercise of sovereign power. Thus did the spirit of distrust inflame the passions and distract the councils of the nation at that important moment when the being of Scotland depended upon unanimity. "Some of these envious persons are said even to have recovered their baronies and properties from the English through his means. But the commons universally, and some of the more judicious of the nobles, who were better disposed towards the public welfare, were very grateful for his services in the cause of their country. The Scots, alas! are apt to observe the prosperity, not only of strangers, but of their own patriots, with an evil eye. In this they may be compared to Cain, who envied the prosperity of Abel; to Rachel, who repined at the fecundity of Leah; to Saul, who was jealous of the success of David: and thus the Scots were envious of the fame and prowess of Wallace.'

The latter part of the above quotation is an extract from Fordun. The character which he there gives of his coun-

trymen will only excite a smile in those who reflect on the patriotic attachment which distinguishes the Scots of the present day.

The circumstances which led to the assumption of the crown by Robert Bruce, in the year 1305, are involved in a great deal of uncertainty which the historian may lament, but which it is impossible for him to clear up by any thing more than mere conjecture. At the time of Edward's making his award in favour of Baliol, Bruce, Lord of Annandale, as son of the second daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, had undoubtedly the best title of all the competitors, after Baliol, who was grandson of the eldest daughter of the same earl. But as the doctrine of representation through the female line was necessarily admitted by each claimant, so it could not very reasonably be contended that the number of female successions could work any alteration in the general rule. Baliol, the successful candidate, had a sister married to Cumyn, Lord of Badenah. By the rule above mentioned, it is evident that the son of that marriage must possess a better title, on Baliol himself being removed, than Bruce or his descendants. Accordingly, had John Cumyn the regent of Scotland, and Robert earl of Carrick, the grandson of Bruce the competitor, submitted their claims to the decision of an umpire, as Baliol and Bruce had done, the award must have been made in favour of the former. Our author seems to differ from himself, and, in his ardour to defend the rights of his hero, to be guilty of great inconsistency, when he acknowledges in the first instance that the decision of Edward was just, and afterwards contends that that decision could not be held as a precedent for the future settlement of the crown of Scotland. If, by the laws of Scotland, or by ancient practice on similar occasions, the *male* nearest in blood to the throne was to be preferred without regard to representation through females, then Bruce was evidently preferable to Baliol, and Edward's decision was unjust. If, on the other hand, that decision was *not unjust*, it must have been because no such law or custom as that before mentioned did exist, and, in such case, Cumyn was evidently to be preferred to Bruce the younger. We do not see how this difficulty is to be surmounted; and, not seeing it, must continue to view Bruce's assumption of the crown in no other light than that of a fortunate usurpation, sanctified indeed by the cause which was connected with it, and which ultimately triumphed in its success.

The apparent versatility and inconsistency of Bruce's conduct previous to the murder of John Cumyn, may, by supposing a regular concerted plan between him and the Bishop of St. Andrews, with some others of the Scottish nobles and prelates, for the recovery of his country's independence, be satisfactorily accounted for without reference to any ambitious views imagined to have been entertained by his family so far back as the accession of Alexander the Third. That he did not openly join with Wallace, although he had already manifested, by occasional revolt, his disposition to shake off the yoke to which he and his ancestors had disgracefully submitted, must be attributed to some jealousy of the character and pretensions of that illustrious warrior. Besides, it is not to be doubted, that Bruce's conduct was not exclusively guided by pure motives of patriotism. The claims of his family in opposition to Baliol had not been forgotten by him, and the patriots whom Wallace led to victory acted avowedly in vindication of the rights of Bruce's rival.

The tales of the compact made between Bruce and Cumyn, for the support of each other, in case either should avail himself of circumstances to make good his secret pretensions; of the treasonable confession made by Cumyn at the English court with a view to the ruin of his rival; of Bruce's journey to Winchester, his discovery of the treason, his flight with his horses' shoes inverted, and return to Scotland *in five days*; are justly discredited, both by Lord Hailes and the present historian. In the great uncertainty which prevails respecting all this portion of history, enough perhaps appears to enable us generally to conclude, that Robert Bruce had secretly formed his plans of insurrection for a considerable period before the death of Cumyn; that the latter had made some discovery of them, which he revealed to the English government; and the other, finding himself betrayed, and that by one whom he had always hated on account of his rival claims, in the fury of the moment slew the traitor. Having, by this rash and bloody action, affixed, as it were, a seal to the justice of the accusations against himself, he had now no alternative left but either openly to declare his purposes, though yet unripe for action, and nobly "stand the hazard of the die," or tamely resign all his hopes and pretensions for the sake of a life which his ambitious spirit would have scorned to preserve on such base and humiliating conditions. It is to be hoped, and we may add there are good grounds for believing, that the assas-

sination of Cumyn was not a premeditated act on the part of Bruce; though how far it was urged by the provocation of the moment it is not possible to ascertain, since there was no witness to the commission of it. It is tolerably certain, however, that Bruce entered the fatal place without any intention of what ensued. That place was a sanctuary: and, were not the generous and honourable character of Bruce in itself sufficient (in the absence of other testimony), to repel the suspicion, it would appear incredible enough, that he should have voluntarily fixed on a sanctuary for the execution of a murder which might with equal ease have been committed elsewhere.

His hasty coronation, and his first enterprizes in arms, afford sufficient proof, that his plans, whatever they may have been, were far from being matured at the time when he found himself compelled by circumstances to make a discovery of them. His first military undertaking, which was commenced full three months after his coronation, was attended with a failure so dreadful as would have put an end at once to the hopes and fortunes of a less determined character. The pure spirit of chivalry (if it ever existed in a state of purity), was already on the decline, or continued to breathe only in the minds of those who were yet unexperienced in the intrigues of courts and camps. Bruce received his first lesson to this effect in his fatal rout at Methven, which was wholly owing to his confidence in the honour of his English adversary. His original error, and those which succeeded it, are proofs, that he owed his subsequent military reputation entirely to the ability with which he profited by the many terrible lessons which he received.

In this first disastrous essay in supreme military command, Robert committed several great errors. He rashly confided in the chivalric forms of an accepted challenge, without calculating upon the possibility of Pembroke's employing this incident as a stratagem of war to circumvent him. He chose the situation of his quarters for the night much too near the position of a vigilant, experienced, and superior enemy. And he neglected the indispensable military precautions of guards, patrols, and alarm posts, so arranged as to give him instant intelligence of the slightest movements of the English. If necessary to have sent out detachments into the surrounding country, for forage and provisions, Robert ought to have drawn off to at least ten or twelve miles distance from Perth, and should have established his quarters in some strong ground, unassailable by cavalry, or secured by intrenchments; leaving small light detachments or picquets, with advanced sentinels between him and the English,

in every practicable avenue of approach. He and his faithful assistants, the valiant Douglas and Randolph, profited greatly in the sequel by the severe lesson which they now received; and they ever afterwards exerted the utmost skill and vigilance in all their future encounters with the English troops.' Vol. 1, p. 222.

It is curious, that Edward Bruce, the brother of Robert, though he was himself present at the rout of Methven, repeated the same blunder of trusting to an imaginary sense of honour in his enemy, and was very near experiencing the fatal results, in the year 1316, at Carrickfergus, in Ireland. That nobleman possessed a spirit of chivalrous enterprize which was incapable of being moulded to the circumstances of the times, and which precipitated his downfall and destruction. Fortunately for Scotland, Robert, with equal virtue and courage, learned more discretion in his valour.

The whole account of the dangers and difficulties experienced by Robert and his faithful adherents in their retreat after the battle of Methven, their wanderings among the northern Highlands, their concealment in the island of Ràthrin, their hazardous return, and chivalrous enterprizes in the countries of Kyle and Carrick, is of the most interesting description; and, while reading it, we wish to believe as implicitly as our author in the historical accuracy of the poet who relates it. To a certain extent, we do believe in it. Barbour wrote his poem a short time only after the occurrence of those events which he commemorates, while some of the companions of Robert might still have survived, and persons and circumstances yet existed to detect or prevent any gross abandonment of reality. The narrative certainly wears a general aspect of reality, notwithstanding the spirit of the marvellous in which it occasionally indulges. The least we can say of it is this. Knowing that Bruce must have been doing something in the interval between the summer of 1306 and the autumn of 1307, and having no other documents whatever to supply a gap in his history of so much interest and importance, we are glad even to take a poet for our guide, and, considering the probability of his being *acquainted with* the truth, are inclined to think it also probable, that he may have *recorded* it. It must also be remembered, that the warfare at this time carried on between the Scots and English, must have been, in its very nature, poetical, abounding in every variety of picturesque and uncommon incident. The defeat of multitudes by a few, the frequent surprisals of castles and fortresses by mere handfuls of men, the extraordinary diversity of stratagem, all these are circum-

stances inseparable from the species of hostility which then prevailed. The well-authenticated history of the wars in Flanders abounds with instances equally romantic; and there can be no doubt, that at the present moment similar occurrences are daily and almost hourly taking place in Spain; only, that those who alone are capable of recording, are also interested in concealing them. Some future Spanish poet may perhaps be read with the same degree of credit respecting the actions of Mina, Sanchez, and the Empecinado, as we now affix to Barbour's narrative of the exploits of Bruce, Randolph, and Douglas.

The cruel spirit of retaliation which marked several of these exploits, is also precisely of the same character as that which accompanies the modern Spaniards and Portuguese on their career of vengeance. This is by no means to be wondered at. Oppression was always, and ever will be, the mother of cruelty. We speak here only of the barbarities of invasion; but Edward, in cold blood and on the detestable plea of state policy, perpetrated murders which few conquerors, except Bonaparte, have in any age submitted to imitate. Of one species of cruelty which is laid to his charge, we have some satisfaction in acquitting him. It is said, that he confined many of his illustrious prisoners; among others, a sister of Bruce, and a Countess of Buchan, in cages; and historians, mistaking the nature of the imprisonment which they suffered, have described it in the most frightful terms.

'That most impious conspiratrix,' says Matthew of Westminster, 'the Countess of Buchan, being likewise apprehended, the king commanded, that since she had not used the sword, her life should be spared: but, in regard of her illegal conspiracy, she should be confined in a building constructed of stone and iron, having the shape of a crown, and suspended in the same at Berwick in the open air; that she might thereby become a spectacle to all passengers, both during her life and after her death, and a perpetual example of opprobrium.'

From an ordinance of Edward, preserved in Rymer's *Fœdera*, however, it plainly appears, that this very cage was nothing more than a particularly strong room in the Castle of Berwick, which was, besides, directed to be 'so constructed, that the countess may have therein the convenience of a decent chamber; yet all things shall be so well and surely ordered, that no peril may arise respecting the secure custody of the countess.' Vol. I, p. 245. Probably the famous cage of Bajazet was no more barbarous an invention than this for the confinement of the Countess of Buchan.

It is one of the most admirable points in Bruce's character, that the cruelty which disgraced almost all the other warriors of his times, never stained the lustre of his truly generous spirit. Of his humanity, and of the moderation with which he repelled the most savage injuries, his history affords many striking examples. He seems to have combined all the virtues of chivalry more perfectly in his character than any knight of his age. Those virtues are elegantly summed up by Barbour in his description of Sir James Douglas, who certainly deserved the honours of a 'preux chevalier' in the next rank, if not equally, with his royal friend and master. We will only strip the quotation before us of its Scottish orthography, which renders it unintelligible at first sight to an English reader; and the passage will be allowed to possess a poetical excellence not unworthy of a much later age.

'He was full of honour fair,
Wise, courteous, and debonair,
Liberal, and generous too was he,
And loved, o'er all things, loyalty.'

'He was in all his deeds so *lele* (loyal),
That he would never deign to deal
With falsehood, nor with treachery.
His heart was set on honour high:
And he behaved in such manner,
That all him loved that were him near.
But he was not so fair, that we
Should highly speak of his beauty:
In visage he was somewhat gray,
And had black hair, as I've heard say;
But of limbs he was well made,
With bones full large, and shoulders *braid* (broad).

His body well-made and *lenge* (slender),
As they that saw him said to me.
When he was blyth, he was lovely,
And meek and sweet in company:
But who in battle might him see,
Another countenance had he.

— 'For he was sweet and debonair,
And well could treat his friendys fair,
And his foes right terribly
Confound, through his great chivalry:
Wherein of little fear was he,
O'er all things lov'd he loyalty.
Treason in such dislike held he,
That no traitour might near him be,
But, soon as known, that he should be
Well punish'd for his cruelty.' Vol. 11, p. 508.

We cannot afford space to follow our author, as we might wish, in his detail of the exploits of this renowned warrior and the other companions of Bruce. Besides, the general outlines of that king's history (the utmost that we could give), are too well known for repetition. Some mistaken points of history are satisfactorily enough cleared up and rectified. The number of the English forces employed in that disastrous expedition which terminated with the battle of Bannockburn, which has been greatly over-rated by the Scottish writers, but diminished, probably in an equally unfair proportion, by the philosophical incredulity of Hume, is, we should think, computed too highly by our present author. If the extensive county of York, so near the borders, furnished only 4000 soldiers, it is hard to conceive, that so many as 100,000 were furnished by the whole of England.* Lord Hailes, in his annals, had already cleared up the erroneous vulgar tradition about *Queen Bleary's Cross*. Some errors of Camden, in his account of Irish affairs, are properly detected and exposed, particularly his absurd story of the Irish soldiers being compelled by a famine to dig up the dead bodies and eat the flesh boiled in the skulls. Had they then previously consumed their pots and kettles?

We are not altogether satisfied with the apology here offered for Bruce's apparently rash and impolitic conduct in the invasion of Ireland. That he owed much to his brother, and might be desirous to reward his great services by the present of a crown, tells well for his affection and gratitude. But, so far from delivering Scotland by his absence from the miseries of war, the very news of that absence only invited the invaders to renew their attempts and depredations.

A mistake of that egregious blunderer, the Père Daniel, respecting the treaty of Corbeil, 1326, between France and Scotland, is very properly corrected from a copy of the original treaty. A blunder arising from too literal a translation of the text of Froissart, who relates, that some English prisoners were found in the Scottish camp, '*les jambes toutes rompues*,' is set right by a different interpretation. The author means no more than that the legs of these poor

* '*Rangeons tous les contes de Gregoire de Tours avec ceux d'Herodote & des mille & une nuits. Envoyons les trois cents soixante mille sarrazins que tua Charles Martel, et qui mirent ensuite le siège devant Narbonne, aux trois cents mille sarrabes tués par cent mille crotoniates, dans un pays qui peut à peines nourrir trente mille âmes.*' Voltaire. *Pyrrhonisme de l'Histoire*, chap. 18.

men were chafed and made sore by the ligatures with which they were confined.

In an old song, in which a Highlander enumerates the hardships he endured from English innovations, one of his complaints is, that, from wearing breeches, *aw hims legs be brokit*; a literal translation of the precise words of Froissart." P. 424, vol. 11.

The style in which this work is composed, we would not too severely condemn, because it is upon the whole by no means heavy or uninteresting, though it abounds with instances of affectation and carelessness of expression.

The country '*be-north the Frith*,' p. 7; the word '*interpone*,' for interpose; '*paction*,' for pact; '*paramont*,' for paramount; may be justified by the usage of Scotland, but are certainly not English.

'This act *assumed* the judge as a party,' vol. 1, p. 48; 'he succeeded to *revive*,' instead of, in reviving, p. 65; '*politically*,' for politielly, p. 72; 'this unpleasing state of *dubiety*,' p. 142; 'the rights of a nation can never *antiquate*,' p. 151; '*liberties usurped upon*,' ib.; '*along with*,' for together, ib.

The '*Causus Foederis*, or subject of the agreement,' p. 169; '*derout*,' for rout. 'Having *previously* resolved to give battle on foot, Robert marshalled his army in the manner *previously* agreed upon,' p. 443; '*assuring them*, if they followed his instructions, that they would *assuredly* acquire the victory,' p. 461; 'the *English army* was drawn off to the rear of the position which *the army of Edward* then occupied,' as if the English army and Edward's army were not one and the same, p. 464; '*adverse to make concessions*,' vol. 2, p. 351. These, and many similar inaccuracies of language, prove the author to have been little used to the business of composition.

Nor are his haste and inattention solely confined to instances of bad or awkward language. In the narrative of events, he frequently forgets what he has already said; repeats circumstances which had been noticed ten pages before, or even contradicts himself from mere carelessness. Thus, in p. 485, Edward the Second is made, after the battle of Bannockburn, to take refuge in Linlithgow, which had fallen into the hands of the Scots a few months before; and Felim O'Connor, King of Connaught, who is killed at the battle of Kenlis, in the fourteenth chapter, appears again in arms, long after his death, in the sixteenth.

ART. II.—*The History, Topography, and Antiquities of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex. Including Biographical Sketches of the most eminent and remarkable Persons who have been born or who have resided there. Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings. By John Nelson. London, Nichols, 1811, 4to. 2l. 2s.*

THE author, in his preface, very modestly says, that he 'is fully aware of his own inability to add much to the stock of the experienced antiquary and topographer;' and that 'his chief motive was the information and amusement of his neighbours and friends.' If this were the end which Mr. Nelson had in view, we must do him the justice to allow, that he has fully accomplished it in the present publication. His book is very far from being deficient in information or amusement, and we have no doubt but that it will be perused with much pleasure by those who are interested in the topography of Islington. If Mr. Nelson's antiquarian researches had been more profound, his book would probably have been less inviting, at least to the majority of readers.

'The parish of Islington is divided into six liberties or districts, named from the manors in which they are situate, viz. St. John of Jerusalem, Upper Barnesbury, Lower Barnesbury, Canonbury, The Prebend; and Highbury, or Newington Barrow.' * * * The quota paid towards the land-tax is £200l 10d. the amount redeemed being £606 5s. 6d. and the assessed taxes for the year ending April, 1810, produced about £19,300. The poors' rates for the last three years have averaged about 2s. 5d. in the pound. An adequate sum is collected for watching and lighting the village and its vicinity; and a fund is also raised annually by composition (in lieu of statute duty), for repairing the parish roads and foot-paths; the rate for this purpose from Lady-Day, 1808, to Lady-Day, 1809, produced £1,640 8s. 4d. By virtue of the act of 46 Geo. III. the dust is annually disposed of to the highest bidder; the first year (1806), it produced £850 10s.; the next year £498 13s.; in 1808, it produced £450; in 1809, £651; and is at present contracted for at £840. This money is applied towards the purposes of the act last mentioned. The number of inhabitants in this parish, according to the return made to government under the act passed in the year 1800 (40 Geo. III.) for ascertaining the population of the whole kingdom, amounted to 10,212, being 4,189 males, and 6,023 females. Of the total of these, 115 were stated to be employed in agriculture; 892 chiefly in trade, manufactures, or handicraft; and 9,205 not included in either of these classes.

The number of houses, according to this return, was 1,665, occupied by 2,228 families, and 90 were uninhabited; making a total of 1745.

In 1810, the number of houses was 2,200, and of inhabitants 14,000.

Mr. Nelson first describes the roads and ways in this parish. He then proceeds to the 'pastimes of the citizens.' We noticed nothing new nor striking in this part of the work. Then follow some pages entitled 'Records, Historical Notices,' &c. Mr. Nelson distributes the topographical part of his work into the liberties or districts mentioned above. He commences with the 'manor of St. John of Jerusalem,' which anciently formed part of the large possessions of the Knights Hospitallers of that name. The house of this religious order stood on the site of St. John's Square, the gateway of which still remains. Though these religionists took for their seal the representation of two men riding on one horse, as an emblem of their poverty, they were found, on the dissolution of the monasteries, to be endowed with lands of the annual value of £2,385 12s. 8d. At that period, the lands which belonged to the Knights Hospitallers contiguous to their house, comprised a tract of more than '12 miles in circumference.' Mr. Nelson gives a list of the Priors of this order in England. Amongst these, we read the name of Roger de Vere, who

'gave to the church of Clerkenwell one of the six pots used when Jesus turned water into wine.' 'Lands in this manor descend according to the custom of Borough English, whereby the youngest son of a copyholder inherits, or in default of issue, the younger brother.'

When our author comes in the progress of his work to Upper Holloway, he exhibits some biographical notices of the family of Blount, who resided here during a considerable part of the sixteenth century. Sir Henry Blount 'visited the Turkish dominions in Europe and several parts of Egypt,' and published an account of his travels on his return. His eldest son, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, was a man of various erudition. His brother, Charles Blount, published a translation of the two first books of Philostratus's *Life of Apollonius Tyanaeus*, and other works; in some of which, his skeptical opinions excited the resentment of the ecclesiastics. He was a person of strong mind and ardent sensibility, which precipitated his lamentable end.

The workhouse of Islington appears to be under excel-

lent regulations, and the unfortunate persons who are compelled to seek an asylum in this last receptacle of indigence, are treated with a degree of liberality and tenderness very honourable to the managers.

'In April, 1810, there were 240 persons in the workhouse, of which number, 60 individuals were of the age of 70 years, and upwards. In the list of paupers, is an unfortunate female; known by the name of *Jemima Williams*, who was brought hither from a dung-hill, where she lay apparently expiring in the autumn of 1802. She had, for more than twenty years, wandered about the village in a state of mental weakness, bordering on insanity, subsisting entirely upon the charity of the inhabitants, and such passengers as were moved to pity by her forlorn and wretched appearance. She was generally known to the inhabitants by the name of *Mad Eleanor*, and the *Queen of Hornsey*: The officers of the parish have never been able to obtain any account of her relatives or early connections; it has, however, been asserted, and is the prevailing opinion, that she came of a good family, and possessed a considerable fortune; but was shamefully deluded and robbed of all her property by a villain in her younger days. This is said to have been the occasion of that derangement of mind which led her to the wandering mode of life she afterwards adopted. She would constantly range about the village to Highbury, Canonbury, &c. having her cheek distended with tobacco, and covered with rags which were hung in bundles about various parts of her body. She subsisted in this way, always sleeping in the fields, an out-house, or some door-way, wherever night happened to overtake her.'

A lady who had daily opportunities of seeing her for the last two years of her houseless existence, says, that this unfortunate female

'walked in all weathers from morning till night, and seemed insensible of the worst. She spoke not unless spoken to; she then answered in a mild and civil manner. When she was tired, she rested her back against a wall, or sat on steps; she always accepted what was given her with silent civility; but, if asked what had reduced her to the necessity of begging, she would refuse the money and walk away.'

Under the account of '*White Conduit House*,' where some of our readers have probably regaled themselves in a summer evening with the grateful beverage of tea, we find a sketch of Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, a former proprietor of the place, who was reduced from affluence to beggary by a propensity for gambling in the lottery, which appears to have stuck to his last sand. At one period of his life, besides the tea-gardens and premises just mentioned, the freehold of which belonged to him, with that of the Angel Inn, facing the City Road,

he rented land to the amount of £2000 a year in the neighbourhood of Islington and Holloway; and was remarkable for having the greatest quantity of hay-stacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London. At that time, he is believed to have been worth £50,000, kept his carriage and servants in livery; and upon one occasion, having been unusually successful at insuring in the lottery, gave a public breakfast at his ten-gardens, "to commemorate the smiles of fortune," as it was expressed upon the tickets of admission to this fête champêtre. He at times had some very fortunate hits in the lottery, and which, perhaps, tended to increase the mania which hurried him to his ruin. He has been known to spend upwards of 2000 guineas in a day for insurance, to raise which, stack after stack of his immense crops of hay have been cut down and hurried to market, as the readiest way to obtain the supplies necessary for these extraordinary outgoings. Having at last been obliged to part with his house from accumulated difficulties and embarrassments, he passed the last thirteen years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who knew his better days, and the emolument he received as a juryman of the Sheriffs Court for the County. Still his propensity to be engaged in this ruinous pursuit, never forsook him: and meeting one day, in the year 1807, with an old acquaintance, he related to him a strong presentiment he entertained, that if he could purchase a particular number in the ensuing lottery (which he was not then in a situation to accomplish), it would prove successful. His friend, after remonstrating with him on the impropriety of persevering in a practice that had been already attended with such evil consequences, was at last persuaded to go halves with him in a sixteenth part of the favourite number, which, being procured, was most fortunately drawn a prize of £20,000. With the money arising from this extraordinary turn of fortune, he was prevailed upon by his friends to purchase an annuity of £60 *per annum*; yet fatally addicted to the pernicious habit of insurance, he disposed of it, and lost it all. He has been known frequently to apply to those persons who had been served by him in his prosperity, for an old coat, or some other article of cast off apparel; and not many days before he died, he solicited a few shillings to buy him necessities.

The above unfortunate victim of maniacal delusion died in a room up two pair of stairs, in Angel-court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, in March, 1809, aged 68.

About 40 or 50 years ago, there were numerous grass farms in Islington, on which, from twenty to one hundred cows were kept; but these dairy farms are almost entirely absorbed in the two extensive *milk manufactories*, if so they may be called, of Mr. Laycock and Mr. Rhodes.

The quantity of milk yielded by each cow, has been ave-

aged at nine quarts per day. The retail dealer agrees with the cow-keeper for the produce of a certain number of cows, and takes the labour of milking them upon himself: for this purpose, certain persons are employed in the cow-house, called *milkers*, who are paid by the retailer. The milk is sold by the cow-keepers of Islington to the retail dealers at about 2s. 6d. for eight quarts,

and after being plentifully diluted with water, is sold to the consumer at the rate of tenpence a quart; or, reckoning the aqueous addition to the original quantity, at a profit of considerably more than two hundred per cent.

Amongst the biographical curiosities in this volume, is an account of Henry Topham, once well known by the name of 'The Strong Man' of Islington. This Topham was a singular phenomenon of muscular strength. One of his first feats was lying on his back with his feet against a wall, and pulling against a horse. Dr. Desaguliers, the author of 'A Course of Experimental Philosophy,' says, that 'in a proper position, he might have kept his situation against the pulling of four horses, without the least inconvenience.' Amongst the other exhibitions of his strength which Dr. Desaguliers records, he mentions, that Topham 'took an iron kitchen poker about a yard long, and three inches round, and struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. With such another poker, holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him; and what was yet more difficult, he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope of two inches circumference, though, in consequence of his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary.'

Amongst the laughable circumstances which are related of his extraordinary powers, the following may suffice.

'On his way home one night, finding a watchman fast asleep in his box, he took both on his shoulders, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length carefully dropped the guardian of the night and his wooden tenement over the wall of Bunhill Fields burying ground, when the poor fellow, between sleeping and waking, and doubtful whether he was in the land of the living, in recovering from his fright, seemed to be only waiting for the opening of the graves around him.'

This second Sampson was not much more fortunate than the first in his connection with the fair sex: for it appears, that the infidelities of his wife urged him to put an end to his existence in a fit of desperation.

The transitions of property seem to be very frequent in

the parish of Islington, as will generally be found the case in parishes near the centre of commercial, and indeed of every kind of speculation. The site of the old moated mansion in the manor of Highbury, which went by the name of 'Jack Straw's Castle,' was sold towards the end of the last century by Sir George Colebrooke to a stock broker of the name of Dawes, with a considerable quantity of land adjoining. This gentleman erected an elegant house on the spot, which, in 1788, was sold to Mr. Devaynes, who afterwards sold it to Mr. Aubert, who erected a lofty and spacious observatory, which he furnished with a complete astronomical apparatus. Mr. Aubert also greatly improved the grounds; but in 1806, this beautiful villa was put up to auction, and purchased by John Bentley, Esq. the present proprietor.

Our author furnishes a biographical sketch of Mr. Aubert, whose mercantile pursuits did not divert his mind from philosophical studies, particularly that of astronomy. He was 'appointed one of the trustees for the completion of Ramsgate Harbour,' and he prevailed upon Mr. Smeaton, who has immortalized his name by the erection of the Edystone light-house, to accept of the situation of engineer in that important undertaking. On one occasion, Mr. Aubert descended with his friend, Mr. Smeaton, to the bottom of the sea in a diving-bell to examine the foundation of the pier at Ramsgate. They are said to have remained three quarters of an hour under the water.

Highbury Place is one of the finest row of houses in the parish of Islington. The house which is numbered 38, was for several years occupied, at least during part of the day, by Mr. Abraham Newland, the late chief cashier to the Bank of England. This gentleman, whose name was once more revered by nine-tenths of our countrymen than that of Bacon, Milton, or Locke, was the son of a baker, in Castle Street, in the Parish of St. Mary Overy's, Southwark. Our worthy author says, 'it is related, that at an early age, he wrote a fair and legible hand!' When a man possesses no other accomplishments, some stress may certainly be laid upon this. But our old friend, Abraham Newland, was also an expert arithmetician. Here is a heightening circumstance to the eulogy on his penmanship. At the age of eighteen, he became one of the clerks in the Bank of England. In his early life, he discovered a fondness for music, and officiated for some time as organist to a church in the neighbourhood of Southwark. In 1782, he was appointed to the place of chief cashier; and had a

suite of rooms allotted to him at the Bank, out of which he never slept for a single night during a period of five and twenty years. This was not constraint, but choice. The habits of business which he had formed, seemed to constitute the great pleasure of his life; and 'he has been known to declare, that he derived more happiness from a single hour's attendance on the duties of his office, than from a whole day spent in the most convivial and entertaining company.' It is curious thus to see the force of habit converting a dull routine of employment into a source of exquisite gratification to the individual, whose occupation a common bye-stander would probably have imagined could be productive only of weariness or disgust. Mr. Newland sat down constantly to his desk at fifteen minutes past nine o'clock in the morning; 'and was never absent from his duty until three in the afternoon.' He did not, accordingly, enjoy the pleasure of his residence at Highbury Place for any large portion of the day. After dinner, he usually went thither in his carriage, and drank tea with his housekeeper; but never failed to return at night to his dormitory at the Bank. Such was the even tenor of his way! Like most men who have gradually risen to affluence from a state bordering on penury, he was parsimonious in the extreme. His domestic expenditure was regulated with as much methodical exactness as his banking concerns. 'Before the close of every day, the books of account of his domestic transactions were entered; and the receipts and expences of each day were regularly and methodically assigned to their proper places.' In September, 1807, he retired from his situation at the Bank; but on quitting his employment, his happiness seems to have vanished, and his life was brought to a close on the 21st of November, in the same year. Mr. Nelson intimates, that Mr. Newland's religious opinions were 'of a very dangerous and Anti-Christian tendency.' But, as Mr. N. has not informed us what these opinions were, we will, in common charity, hope, that they were not quite so bad as he would lead us to suppose.

'The foundation of a house for persons afflicted with the leprosy, at Kingsland,' says Mr. Nelson, 'appears to be of considerable antiquity. So early as the year 1437, John Pope, citizen and barber, by his will, gave to "the Master and Governors of the House of Lepers, called *Le Lokes*, at Kingsland without London, an annual rent of 6s. 8d. issuing out of certain shops situate in Sherborne-lane, toward the sustentation of the said house at Kingsland, for ever.'"

The Lock Hospital at Kingsland was, in process of time, converted into a receptacle for persons afflicted with *siphylis*, which was then considered as contagious, and the persons labouring under the complaint, were, accordingly, removed from the capital. This hospital was for some time employed as an appendage to that of St. Bartholomew.

The Barley Mow public-house, on the west side of Frog-lane, in this parish, was formerly the temporary residence of that singular example of genius and dissipation, George Morland, where he produced some of the best specimens of his art.

Whilst at the Barley Mow, he frequently applied to the farm yard opposite for portions of old cart harness, as saddles, collars, hames, &c. which were regularly copied into his sketch book, and he would send after any rustic-looking character whom he chanced to see passing the house, in order to obtain a sitting, and for which the party was generally remunerated with a piece of money and something to drink.

The manor of Canonbury, in the parish of Islington, became, in 1570, the property of Sir John Spencer, Knt. elected Lord Mayor of London in 1594, who, from his great wealth, was called 'Rich Spencer,' but whose public spirit was not inferior to his fortune. By his wife, Lady Alice Bromfield, Sir John

had one sole daughter and heiress, of whom Mr. Nicholls mentions a tradition, that she was carried off from Canonbury House in a baker's basket, by the contrivance of the second Lord Compton, Lord President of Wales, to whom, in the year 1594, she was married.' 'Mr. Biggerstaff, sen. an old inhabitant, and many years vestry clerk of Islington Parish, used to relate a pleasant anecdote respecting this match, from which it would appear, that the knight was so much incensed at the elopement of his daughter, that he totally discarded her, until a reconciliation took place by the kind interposition of Queen Elizabeth, to effect which, the following stratagem is said to have been resorted to. When the matrimonial fruit was ripe, the queen requested, that Sir John would, with her, stand sponsor to the first offspring of a young couple, happy in their love, but discarded by their father: the knight readily complied, and her majesty dictated his own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony being performed, Sir John assured the queen, that having discarded his own daughter, he should adopt this boy as his son. The parents of the child being now introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered, that he had adopted his own grand-son, who ultimately succeeded his father in his honours, and his grandfather in his wealth.'

Amongst some short notices of residents at Islington, we

find mention of Mr. Penn, an artisan of singular ingenuity, who fabricated for Mr. Parker, a glass manufacturer, in Fleet-street, a convex burning glass of such extraordinary powers, that the hardest metals were dissolved in a few seconds by exposure to its intense focus. A diamond weighing ten grains, is said to have been reduced by its agency in the space of thirty minutes 'to six grains, during which operation, it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower, and emitted whitish fumes.' The burning glass is said to be now at Pekin, where it was carried by Captain Mackintosh, who accompanied Lord Macartney to China.

The account of the 'Honourable Baron Ephraim Lopez Pereira D'Aguilar, who resided at No. 21, Camden-street,' and whose eccentricities appear to have been the effect of mental derangement, is one of the biographical varieties in this work, in which number we may also rank the account of Mr. Alexander Cruden, the author of the *Concordance*, but who was an oddity of a much more sober and moral cast than the Baron D'Aguilar. Whatever might be the deviation of Mr. Cruden from established opinions and customs, his *Concordance* will long entitle him to the gratitude of Divines.

We must now close our account of Mr. Nelson's book, in which there is altogether a pleasant melange of local and personal information, without many of those large and cheerless expanses of letters-press, which topographers sometimes devote to genealogical trifling and antiquarian sterility.

ART. III.—*An Essay on the good Effects which may be derived in the British West Indies, in consequence of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade; including an Inquiry into the present insular Policy of those Colonies. By Stephen Gaisford, Esq. London, Baldwin, 1811, 8vo. 7s.*

MR. GAISFORD informs us in his preface, that he was twice destined to visit the West Indies in a public capacity; that ten years ago, he resided for a few weeks in Jamaica; and that at the epoch of the abolition of the slave trade, he resided 'for upwards of four years in the windward colonies.' The remarks of a gentleman who possessed such opportunities as Mr. Gaisford of obtaining information, and such a capacity for turning those opportunities

to account, cannot well be destitute of instruction or undeserving of attention.

Mr. Gaistord's work is divided into five sections, with an appendix. In the first section, the author more particularly examines the law and customs of slavery, and develops the political construction of society in the West Indies. The second section considers 'slavery in reference to ancient history: its probable origin, and its dissolution on the revival of civilization in Europe.'

In his third section, the author resumes the subject of slavery in the West Indies. In this part of his work, Mr. Gaistord has strikingly delineated the evils of slavery, as it is practised in the West Indies, in a political and prudential point of view. He has shown, that the plantations are cultivated at more expence and much less proportionate advantage than it is probable that they would be, if free labourers supplied the place of slaves. He computes the cultivation of a sugar estate of six hundred acres to require, on an average, the labour of two hundred and fifty slaves. Each slave, according to the prices of late years, is reckoned to have cost the purchaser eighty pounds. Thus the slaves on an estate of the extent which we have mentioned, would cost the proprietor the sum of £20,000. This is an enormous capital to expend on a stock of labourers, who, according to a computation formed from authentic documents, must be replaced every sixteen years. So adverse is the condition of the slave, and so frail the tie which attaches him to life. But yet the author tells us, that the quantity of labour on a plantation of the size above mentioned, 'does not equal the labour of an ordinary English farm.' Those calculations of industry, which are suited to free men, cannot be applied to slaves. The slave labourers may be numerous, but the work done will still be small. Slavery, indeed, must necessarily engender laziness. This is unavoidable. It is the result of its physical and moral tendencies.

The author remarks,

'that nothing but the singular productiveness of West Indian commodities would support so expensive a system of labour as West Indian slavery. The British planter is the pay-master of unprofitable servants, and the owner of extensive domains, one-third only of which, does, in general, his faulty system of labour allow him to convert as a source of revenue, in many instances as great a part remaining an uncultivated waste, or unprofitable wilderness.'

The vast capitals which are absorbed in the purchase of

slaves in the West Indies, might have been devoted to the improved cultivation of the islands, if a system of free labourers had been substituted for that of slaves. But, according to the present mode, the slaves on a West Indian estate, are a capital which, instead of replacing itself with a profit, is continually annihilated at the end of about every sixteen years.

The planter, anxious to derive the utmost profit in the shortest time from his slave labourers, is very apt to force them to do more work than is compatible with their health or strength. Thus, for a temporary good, he is incited to do himself a permanent injury. Such is the effect of the cupidity engendered by the pernicious system of slavery! The toil of the individual is viewed only as an article of merchandize of which the most must be made. The necessities of the planter are continually stimulating him to raise a greater crop than that to which his stock of slaves is competent. Hence, as the author remarks, the planter is disposed,

'as little as possible, to grant leisure to the healthy to raise their sufficiency of food, permission to the sick to lay by and recruit their strength, time for the mothers to rear their young, and time for the enslaved young to attain adult years before their appropriation to labour.'

But the abolition of the slave trade obliges the planter to attend more than he was formerly wont to the preservation of his slaves, and to that of their progeny.

That slaves may, under proper management, be made to keep up their own population, and that West Indian estates may be cultivated without the perpetual purchase of fresh slaves, is proved by the state of Barbados, in which there are many proprietors who have not purchased a slave for half a century. The island of Barbados, where the management of the slaves has been at once more judicious and humane than in the other islands, shows the good effects in a higher and more general cultivation.

'The idea,' says Mr. Gaisford, 'that it is cheaper to buy than to breed slaves, scarcely deserves a formal refutation. The utmost cost of breeding a slave until he can earn his own maintenance, has been computed at £100. Now it certainly requires but little acquaintance with arithmetic to be convinced, that it is cheaper by more than one half to pay an hundred pounds in the course of fourteen years, than to pay £80 in the course of six months. People, however, are sometimes glad to borrow upon usury; but no people in the West Indies object to the abolition of the slave trade so much as embarrassed planters. This, however, may be a chief reason why the weight or majority of the country is yet so hostile to the measure.'

Mr. Gaisford draws no very cheering picture of the commercial state of the West Indies, which he seems to think far advanced, and advancing with an accelerated pace, towards the gulph of bankruptcy and despair. The author produces, in a note to p. 103, the following statements, to show the increase of this accumulating calamity.

'The total value of lands, buildings, and stock in these colonies, exclusive of slaves, is estimated at £56,037,500 sterling. The mortgage debts alone upon West India property, amount to no less a sum than £24,000,000 sterling.

'Sir William Young's Common Place Book, of the West Indies, published Anno Domini, 1806.

'In the year 1789, the Council of Jamaica laid statements before the British Privy Council, shewing, that the average profits of the whole capital embarked in that island, was only *four* per cent. and this not a regular profit, for while some were gaining 15 or 20 per cent. others were losing as much. And it was shewn, that in the course of 20 years, from 1760 to 1780, there had been no less than eighty thousand and twenty-one executions to the amount of £22,563,786 sterling. Time has not changed the aspect of such affairs much for the better. The House of Assembly of Jamaica declare, on the 24th November, 1807, that "thirty-two sugar estates had been sold in that island the preceding five years under decrees of the Court of Chancery, to pay debts; suits with respect to 115, were then depending in that court, and many more bills for the sale of estates were preparing. They state, that the sugar estates lately thrown up, brought to sale, and then in the Court of Chancery of Jamaica and England, amount to about one-fourth of the whole number in that colony.'

Section IV. more particularly shows how slavery weakens the powers, and checks the progress, of industry. The author, at the same time, expatiates on the necessity of promoting the intellectual and moral culture of the slaves, and of free persons of colour in the West Indies. We shall quote one or two of his remarks on this subject.

'The intelligence of the slave, combined with a disposition to discharge the several moral duties, is the most effectual wedge, properly managed, to expel the evils of this country. It requires also no sagacity to discern, that the first and last of these desirable qualities are promoted, and inculcated by the same means. I shall take this occasion to remark what Mr. Hume has said in extenuation of the barbarities committed by the Anglo-Saxons in the partially civilized state of the British nation. "*Virtue,*" says this learned historian, "which is nothing but an enlarged and cultivated reason, never flourishes to any degree, nor is founded on steady principles of honour, except where a good education becomes general, and where men are taught the pernicious

cious consequences of vice, treachery, and immorality." There can be no difference in the means which make a good slave and a good citizen; and it is this unalterable close alliance of the two, which makes the first so unpopular to obtain.'

'If you degrade the man to the beast, you must expect a brutish remuneration. It is folly to look for approved principles without their inculcation; nor will men and women spontaneously grow up to this or that political purpose. The expence incurred in training the man, is in the mass amply repaid by services rendered to the country.'

In the last section, the author explains the measures which seem most expedient in the present circumstances of the colonies. Amongst these, the most important appears to be the intellectual and moral culture of the slaves, by which their skill and their value, as labourers, must be at once greatly increased, and, what is of more importance, according to our notions, by which they may be gradually prepared for a complete emancipation from servitude and for the enjoyment of the rights of freemen. The slave is made to labour by means of the whip, which is the great stimulus to exertion; but while a freeman labours for his own advantage, his voluntary labour is, at the same time, more conducive to the advantage of the person who employs him than the forced toil of a slave is to that of his task-master.

The author remarks, that there 'can be no other means of exciting industry in the unpaid slave than the fixing a limit to his labours, that is to say, not the measurement of such by the day or the hour, but by the quantity of work to be performed.' And he very humanely adds, that 'as there are motives for a slave to dispatch his work when specified, besides those of coming rest and quietude, the task assigned should be liberal enough to admit these, and as much time as can be for those means of self-benefit, which the politics of man have denied him in every other way. It would be as easy for the colonial legislatures, well acquainted as they all are with the detail of plantations, to specify by the force of real law, the quantity of daily labour beyond which a slave shall not be required to exceed; as it was lately to specify in the slave acts the quantity of food he ought to receive. It is a great reproach, that such a measure has never been adopted, which would be simply,—*An act to prevent the oppression and overworking of slaves.*'

We heartily agree with Mr. Gaisford, that the private industry of the slave should be encouraged for his own benefit; and that liberty should be held out as the incitement to his toils. He should, in short, be allowed to purchase

his freedom at a moderate and fixed price. This prospect would animate his toils, and soften all the intermediate hours of servitude, till he had worked out his release from bondage by his augmented diligence.

We have little doubt of the truth of the observation, that it is the system of slavery which has stunted the political growth of the West Indian colonies, and we feel a cheering assurance, that if these colonies were cultivated by free labourers, instead of slaves, they would soon attain to a much higher pitch of prosperity and civilization than they have ever yet reached. In this case, as in all others, the dictates of justice are in strict unison with those of policy and interest. This is, upon the whole, an excellent essay on the subject on which it treats, and merits attentive consideration.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life of Prince Potemkin, Field-Marshal, and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, Grand Admiral of the Fleets, Knight of the principal Orders of Prussia, Sweden, and Poland, and of all the Orders of Russia, &c. &c. comprehending Original Anecdotes of Catharine the Second and of the Russian Court. Translated from the German. London, Colburn, 1812, 8vo.*

WE have had so many details respecting Prince Potemkin in the different accounts of the Russian empire by travellers and historians, that it cannot be expected that any German biographer would be able to throw any new light on the subject, or give us any information respecting this extraordinary personage which we have not had before. The writer of this life does not mention the particular sources from which he derived his materials, and therefore we may suppose, as the book indeed itself proves, that he had not access to any means of intelligence which other writers had not previously possessed. It is, however, rather an agreeable compilation, and appears to be impartial. The author is not blind to the defects of Potemkin, which were at least as numerous as his great qualities; and he forms, upon the whole, a fair estimate of his character, which was a sort of strange compound of very opposite ingredients.

Potemkin appears to have been originally designed for the ecclesiastical profession, and in more than one period

of his life, he threatened to turn monk. At Moscow, he acquired a smattering of theological lore, which he sometimes mingled in his conversation with those who were polemics only in the courts of Venus or the field of Mars.

The Russians, who appear to possess great flexibility of the vocal organs, the improvement of which is favoured by the copious variety of articulations which their language requires, are said to evince great facility not only in learning to read but to pronounce the different languages of Europe. Potemkin spoke the French language with fluency, and he is said to have acquired such a knowledge of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, as to read the best poets of antiquity with uncommon satisfaction. We do not feel disposed to give entire credit to this, and if it were true, we have only to regret, that his manners were not more softened by the '*literæ humaniores*,' that literature which tends at once to exercise the affections and to refine the sentiments.

Potemkin owed the first steps of his advancement to the power and honours which he afterwards obtained, to an early intimacy with the Orloffs, who were instrumental in enabling Catharine to dethrone her husband, Peter III. and to ascend the throne of the Russias. Potemkin, whom the Orloffs induced to renounce his allegiance to the unfortunate monarch, appears to have been no mean auxiliary in producing the revolution of 1762.

It was not long after this, before Potemkin was admitted to the private parties of the empress, whose attention he attracted by his insinuating address, the vivacity of his conversation, and his personal accomplishments. Potemkin appears to have been early conscious of the favourable impression which he had made on the mind of the empress, and he omitted no endeavour to improve it to the utmost. The jealousy and the resentment of Orloff were excited by what he deemed the presumptuous temerity of Potemkin, in endeavouring to supplant him in the affections of his sovereign. Catharine, however, though she secretly gave the preference to Potemkin, was obliged for a time to observe some degree of reserve in her attachment, from a dread of offending the Orloffs, to whom she owed so much, and who had been her confidential agents in the destruction of her husband. Catharine, however, at last summoned resolution to get rid of Orloff, who retired in 1773. But Potemkin did not immediately succeed to the place of favour which Orloff had been constrained to abandon; for, when Potemkin, who

had been absent in the army, returned to Petersburg, he found, that a lieutenant of the guards of the name of Vassiltschikoff, supplied the functions of the discarded favourite.

Potemkin was deeply chagrined at this news, and endeavoured to work on the sensibility of Catharine by assuming an air of despondency and distraction. He affected to shun company, to bury himself in a deep solitude, and seemed determined to adopt the monastic life. Catharine, who was probably not sorry to have kindled a passion of so much fervour and violence, took care to have an intimation conveyed to him, that his homage was not displeasing to his sovereign. Potemkin, however, to make his victory sure, was resolved to dissemble a little longer. He took the monastic habit, and appeared determined to enter into holy orders. But Catharine, whose sensibilities began now to be highly excited by the romantic attachment which she thought that she had inspired, is said to have dispatched the Countess of Bruce on a secret embassy to Potemkin, who 'cast off the cowl, to fly with rapture to the arms of his sovereign.' In 1775, Potemkin reached the height of favour at which his ambition had aimed, and became for a considerable time invested with almost as much power as if he had been the autocrat of the Russias.

Knowing the fickleness of Catharine in her more tender attachments, Potemkin strenuously endeavoured to obtain that ascendancy over her will, impressed by a conviction of his superior zeal for her service, devotion for her interest, and desire to promote her fame, which might remain, even when her personal regards, which, apt to be rather capricious and volatile, were alienated from him to some other individual. In this attempt, in which he displayed a consummate degree of sagacity and art, he succeeded to admiration; for, when other favourites successively obtained temporary possession of the heart of Catharine, Potemkin almost to the end of his life retained a sort of authoritative influence over her mind; and the political destinies of the Russian empire seemed confided to his custody. This seems a sort of singular phenomenon in the annals of favouritism; and is certainly a proof of the commanding genius of Potemkin.

Potemkin

'occupied in the imperial palace the apartments destined to the favourite, which had an immediate communication with those of the empress by a private staircase. But often when surrounded

by numerous courtiers, he abruptly quitted them to walk up to the empress in his night-gown, leaving his company in the utmost astonishment. The empress, on her part, not only tolerated this excessive familiarity, but frequently came down to the favourite in the course of the evening.

Though haughty with the great, Potemkin was often condescendingly familiar with persons in lower situations of life. Subaltern functionaries frequently availed themselves of his indulgence to obtain what the most illustrious persons would not have dared to ask. But sometimes he made merry at the expence of those who were more immediately in his dependence. His secretary one day laid a wager, that he would make him sign a large pile of important papers to which he had repeatedly urged his signature in vain during six months. He accordingly entered the favourite's room with a huge pocket-book full of writings which had cost him much labour. At the end of three hours, he triumphantly returned from his cabinet, and proclaimed, that he had won his bet. But when the writings were examined, it was found, that instead of his own, Potemkin had signed every one of the papers with the name of the secretary, who was reluctantly obliged to write them all over a second time, and lost his wager into the bargain.

Potemkin, at the solicitation of the empress, was raised to the dignity of a prince by Joseph the Second. He was decorated with the different Russian orders, and with those of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden; but the honours to which he aspired, but could not gain, gave him more chagrin than he received pleasure from those which he possessed. He sighed with impatience, like a child for a toy, for the orders of the Garter and of the Golden Fleece, neither of which it was possible for him to procure.

But Potemkin was not intent on the acquisition only of empty honours or titular distinctions. His avarice, which was equalled only by his profusion, grasped at every thing within his reach. As the favourite of Catharine, he had a settled monthly pension of twelve thousand roubles, which were regularly laid on his dressing-table on the first day of every month. The expences of his household, his table, and indeed of his whole establishment, were, at the same time, defrayed by the empress. But his expenditure was so extravagant, that he was, nevertheless, constantly in debt.

When the empress fixed her affections on another object, she spared no pains nor expence to console him for the mortification which he appears to have expressed rather than to have felt. He was probably sated with enjoyment, and glad to lose his situation of favourite, without losing

any share of his influence at court. The empress still consulted him on the most important affairs, and the favourites who successively excited the inconstant sensibilities of the empress, were so far from being able to deprive him of the esteem and the confidence of Catharine, that many of them were obliged to purchase his good will by considerable sums. The empress, who appears not to have had more delicacy than Potemkin, often made him the confidant of her amours, and often permitted him to recommend a proper object on whom to place her volatile regards. The favourites, on being installed in their important functions, were constrained to pay Potemkin one hundred thousand roubles as a fee, either for his active recommendation, or his passive acquiescence in the choice. This sum he exacted as his due.

Potemkin was one of the few men in whom the great passion of ambition, instead of expelling every other desire, left room in the bosom for the operation of avarice. Avarice is commonly the vice of a little mind, and if it does not find the mind little, it seldom leaves it great. The mind of Potemkin was a sort of paradox, for it was at once both little and great. He possessed the qualities of a magnificent and of a sordid mind. His attention was directed at once to great and to petty objects, and whilst his thoughts were occupied with the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, with the re-establishment of the Grecian republics, and with events which might interest even the philosopher and the statesman of the highest order, he was as much agitated as if his temperament had been susceptible of the frivolous jealousies of a woman, with all the petty intrigues and amours of the court of Catharine.

When the empress raised Lanskoï, one of her 'chevalier-guards,' to the post of favourite, without previously consulting Potemkin, the latter was so enraged with Lanskoï, for presuming to accept the place without first obtaining his approbation, that he was obliged to propitiate Potemkin by a present of no less than two hundred thousand roubles. After the death of Lanskoï, whom the empress is said to have loved more than any of her numerous favourites, Catharine abandoned herself to the most frantic grief. For several days, she refused all sustenance, and for three months, remained shut up in her apartments. In this period of despondency, Potemkin was the only person who could presume to interrupt her solitary hours. The influence of Potemkin was successfully exerted to rouse the empress from her profound melancholy. On

this occasion, there is a story which we should have thought more highly improbable in any other court than that of Russia, that Catharine gave her hand in marriage to Potemkin. But however this might be, it is certain Potemkin was not very rigid in the exercise of his connubial rites; for, instead of endeavouring himself to fill the void which had been made in the heart of Catharine by the death of Lanskoï, he seemed anxious only to recommend a third person for the situation. This person was a lieutenant in the guards of the name of Yermoloff, who afterwards proved a formidable adversary to the pretensions of Potemkin, whom he endeavoured to ruin in the opinion of the empress. The conduct of Potemkin furnished many plausible arguments for the enmity of Yermoloff; but, at the very moment when the courtiers began to turn their backs on Potemkin, as rats are said to quit a falling house, Potemkin suddenly forcing his way into the apartment of the empress, so awed her by the energy of his remonstrances, that she felt it necessary to sacrifice Yermoloff to his resentment. Catharine first consented to the removal of the favourite from his situation in the palace; but this would not satisfy Potemkin, who declared, that he would not leave the room till she issued her orders for his banishment to his estate. Potemkin, knowing the danger of leaving the heart of Catharine, without some object to engage its tenderness, if tenderness it may be called by a delicate metonomasia, resolved instantly to find some other person to supply the place of Yermoloff. A captain in the guards of the name of Momonoff, who appears to have been a consummate coxcomb of some knowledge, but of little principle, became the successor of the discarded favourite. Potemkin afterwards made a less successful attempt to get rid of Momonoff than he had of his predecessor. But what the influence of Potemkin could not effect, was accomplished by the infidelities of Momonoff. Catharine detected him in an intrigue with the Princess Tcherbatof, and condemned him to marry her for his pains.

Potemkin was still more dissatisfied with Zuboff, the next favourite, who attracted the choice of the empress. He eagerly urged his dismissal, but in vain. Zuboff, who detested Potemkin, endeavoured to thwart his plans, and to put an end to the war with the Turks, which he was eager to prosecute. Peace had become the anxious wish of Catharine herself, but it was not that of Potemkin; and the empress could not to the last bring herself to throw

off the controul which he had so long exercised over her mind. She had so long been in the habit of submitting to his counsels, that the custom of compliance with his will, had generated a repugnance to refuse his request, which was associated with awe of his authority.

Potemkin made his last entry into Petersburg on the 11th of March 1791, and he did not set out again for the army till July, when the successes of Prince Repnin hastened his return. He spent this interval in the capital in a round of intemperate enjoyments, which weakened both his corporeal strength and intellectual faculties. But he probably sought in sensual excess a refuge from the chagrins, which, in the midst of all the grandeur by which he was surrounded, and all the wealth and power which he had acquired, preyed upon his spirits, and caused feelings in his breast which, if they could have been beheld by the spectator who envied his exterior pomp, would have made them unwilling to accept it on the conditions which were found to be annexed to the tenure in the mind of the possessor.

When Potemkin left Petersburg, on his return to the army, and had advanced some way on his journey, he learned from a messenger, that preliminaries of peace had been signed by Repnin. This intelligence threw him into a paroxysm of rage, which, if it added to his present vigour, increased his subsequent debility. When he arrived at Yassy, his health was so much worse, that it became evident he had not long to live. As his situation became more desperate, 'he dismissed his physicians, lived upon salt meat and raw turnips, and drank hot wines and spirituous liquors.' His constitution was naturally strong, but the excesses to which he had long accustomed himself, had completely worn it out at the age of 52. Potemkin, fancying probably, that he might derive some benefit from a change of a place, left Yassy

'on the 15th of October, 1791, at three o'clock in the morning. Scarcely had he travelled a few versts, when he could no longer bear the motion of his carriage: he alighted, a carpet was spread at the foot of a tree: on this he was placed: he had no longer strength to utter a word: he could only press the hand of his favourite niece, the Countess Branicky, who was with him, and he expired in her arms.'

We have not taken any notice of the military operations of Potemkin, because they are well known, and have been much better described in other works.

The character of Potemkin had something in it of rude grandeur, but which was relieved by few amiable traits.

The grotesque inconsistencies of his conduct and habits are such as are not uncommon in persons invested with power and affluence in a half barbarous state of society, which was then, and still is, that of the Russian empire. But the memory of Poteïkin, notwithstanding his various vices, weaknesses, and defects, is so identified with the annals of Catharine, to the glory of whose reign and the extension of whose power he so much contributed, that it will long continue to illumine the pages of the Russian history in one of its most brilliant eras since the time of Peter the Great.

ART. V.—*The Itinerary of Greece, with a Commentary on Pausanias and Strabo, and an Account of the Monuments of Antiquity at present existing in that Country, compiled in the Years MDCCCI. II. V. VI. By W. Gell, Esq. M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A.* London: Printed for T. Payne, 1810, pp. 170, 4to.

FROM Ithaca, we proceed with Mr. Gell to the main land; and we take up his present volume as a complete post-chaise companion through Argolis. We premise, that the execution of this book of roads, for it is in fact little else, is accurate, but dry; and plain, but unentertaining. To the traveller, however, its use will be invaluable; not indeed in its present quarto form, but when reduced to the size of Patterson or Carey. The antiquarian researches are in many places fanciful; in some, interesting and attractive: but the plates which are intended to illustrate them, are faulty in perspective and thoroughly wretched in execution. We are the more surprised at this, as Mr. Gell's former volumes have been remarkable for the neatness of their accompaniments, and beauty, and apparent correctness of outline: but in the *Journey through Argolis*, the quality has evidently been sacrificed to the quantity.

The author dedicates his book to the Earl of Aberdeen, a fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Greece, and his friend and companion, 'whose personal researches have evinced his desire to encourage the further investigation of that country.' We object *en passant* to the courtly and antithetical *finale* where Mr. Gell calls himself the earl's *sincere friend*, and *devoted servant*. We cannot refrain from transcribing a portion of the preface, which is the best written, and the most amusing part of the book; the re-

mainder of it we shall abridge, for the benefit of those who may prefer the same condensed knowledge from our octavo, to the labour of bearing in hand and mind the weight and the tautologies of the original.

'Greece differs most essentially from other countries, and even from Italy in the infinite number of objects of curiosity which it offers to the traveller; not an hour passes without producing some new source of reflection, and the road at every turn presents some scene to which the poets or the historians have attached interest, and this too, generally marked with such precision, that the spot cannot be easily mistaken. Although every nation changes its character with its government, yet notwithstanding the lapse of twenty centuries, and so many revolutions, it is very gratifying to observe, that in Greece the same physical causes which produced the original distinction between the inhabitants of neighbouring districts, still operate with such force, that no other country affords so many traces of ancient manners, or recalls so frequently the recollection of its former inhabitants. Thus Athens is now the most polished city of Greece.'

An assertion by no means true: the language is most corrupt: the inhabitants very uncivilized.

'The Eleuthero Lacones still retain their independence and aversion to strangers. 'They are notorious villains and robbers.' The stoutest men are yet to be found in Daulis, the Acarnanians and Epirots are yet the most lawless; and if Theseus cut off his hair at Delphi previous to his journey into Molossia, three thousand years ago, a stranger who wished to pass undiscovered as a native of that part of the country would be necessitated to follow his example at the present day.

'There is no part of the world in which primitive manners can be observed with so little personal danger; there is none which offers an opportunity of witnessing and comparing with so much ease the opposite customs of Europe and Asia; or of changing the scene with such rapidity: for when the classic traveller is satisfied with the simplicity of the heroic ages in the mountains of Arcadia, where a single brass kettle is frequently the only utensil in a family, he may descend in the course of one hour into the plain, and drinking coffee in a cup set with rubies, realize the splendid visions of the Arabian nights in the Court of the Pacha of Tripolizza.

'A country composed of an infinite number of promontories intersected by gulphs, which penetrate to its centre, cannot fail to abound in picturesque combinations of land and water; while lofty mountains, which are often covered with snow, produce every variety of scenery and climate. It would be absurd to compare any other district with Greece, for curious remains of antiquity. Scarcely any city has been named, of which some

indication might not be discovered, whilst works of art are not wanting, and here perhaps only can architecture be seen in its greatest delicacy and purity.

'To those who delight in natural philosophy, Greece affords an inexhaustible fund of scientific research and entertainment in her mines of gold, silver, and copper, in her marbles and fossils, and in the richness and variety of her vegetable productions.

'With such inducements, it is probable, that travellers would have visited the country more frequently, had they not been deterred, by the real or imaginary dangers of the enterprize; the following pages point out where such difficulties do exist, and the best method of avoiding them; the work is also calculated to assist the traveller in finding the monuments of antiquity, and to inform him where he may procure lodging, as well as the means of proceeding on his journey. To those who may consult this volume as their guide on the road, the advantage of noting every well, rivulet, mill, or farm-house, though it seem frivolous in England, will soon be apparent, in a country which does not abound in water, where every stream has its history, and where every object assists in determining the direction to be pursued, when the road is nothing better than a track frequently interrupted.'

That a traveller may pass unmolested through Greece, a firman from the Sublime Porte is stated by Mr. Gell as an article of absolute necessity. Still more modern travellers in Greece are of a very different opinion, and declare, that a firman presented to a viceroy or pacha of the Morea, would have as little effect in forwarding a passenger through that country, as a letter from the Lord Mayor of London would expedite the speed of Mr. Dumbreck's horses from 'the Hotel' Edinburgh. This is necessary to be known, as it may guard against a great error those who trust too implicitly to Mr. Gell's accuracy. Presents *ought* to be given to the menzilgis, or postillions, by those who wish to travel with rapidity, and to be freed from impertinence. The doctrine concerning bills should be thoroughly known. If in Germany, Italy, and even in France, during times of peace, we meet with perpetual difficulties and mortifications in negotiating our pecuniary concerns; it is natural to conceive, that interruptions and perplexities will be fourfold increased in more distant and barbarous countries. Should there be any disturbances in the intermediate countries between Attica and the Porte, the negotiation of bills is not uncommonly attended with a loss of eight per cent.; and even by drawing them on Venice, or on Smyrna, the trouble and expence are not much less.

sened: but as the English have consuls at Salonica or Patrass, it is most convenient, that a traveller should have proper recommendation to them, whose agency among their friends may prove of the highest accommodation. This is Mr. Gell's opinion; and we know it to be correct. But he has failed to mention to us, what *sort of gentry* these provincial consuls generally are; and we are enabled, from certain information, to assert, that their good offices are for the most part saleable; and their enmity a sure prevention to all progress. We intend hereby no allusion whatever to individuals; but merely mention this fact as a caution to all travellers not only in the chief towns of Greece, but on the Asiatic and African coasts.

The pachas alone, in the south of Greece, use carriages. The competition, therefore, between a mule and horse, is proposed to the traveller, and Mr. Gell decides in favour of the latter. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that mules alone are sure-footed among precipices: horses are equally so, which are bred on the spot, and are not naturally more inclined to suicide, than the mungrels which spring from them. The owners of hacks are averse to the use of an English saddle, as it is apt to wring the withers of their sorry half-starved beasts; and as they have no idea of antiquarian zeal, they grumble not a little when those who hire their services, delay on the road for purposes of observation. The best mode, therefore, is to purchase as many horses as the party may want, which generally will not cost more than five or six pounds each; this will procure an escape from the wrangling and abuse of those who pack the luggage on the baggage horses (which is said to exceed all belief), and when the tour is terminated, they may be sold again with little loss.

As the roads are sometimes difficult to track, and the fords not always well defined, a new guide should be resorted to, as often as opportunity offers; and a well recommended steady janissary, who, when stationary in any town, may be retained for fifteen piastres per month, and for double, when on a journey, will form the most safe and faithful escort. There are some travellers who prefer a Greek for this purpose; our informants, however, on whom we can rely, assure us, that a Turk is the best conductor; and Mr. Gell does not dissent from us. To discuss this matter thoroughly, would lead us into a long argument, as there are doubtless many circumstances *pro* and *con* to be taken into consideration, and the decision is of

the first importance to a tourist in Greece. The following are useful and concise directions.

'The most necessary article for a traveller is a bed, which should of course be as portable as possible. A piece of oil cloth to cover it, when rolled up in the day, and to place under it at night, would be useful. A carpet about eight feet square is of service to sit upon. A knife, fork, spoon, plate, drinking cup, and some kind of vessel for boiling water, seem almost the only necessary additions. A light umbrella, as a shade from the sun, would always be found very agreeable, and would be more serviceable if it were fitted to an iron spike, by which it might be stuck into the ground.

'Curtains suspended to the sides of the room by cords, are very useful to exclude insects while the traveller sleeps. If these be made of silk, and tucked under the bed as soon as it is made, the night's rest will not be disturbed; many will prefer mosquito curtains, but they are not to be depended upon. When a family travels in Greece, it would be advisable to carry a thick curtain, by which a room may be separated, if necessary, into two parts.'

Pr. x.

The menial, whom our Celtick gentry valed not on retiring from their neighbour's mansion, is the cook: but, says Mr. Gell, neglect not this token of respect to the purveyor of your food in Greece. The number of *douceurs* which it is necessary to carry for presentation to each host, is necessarily cumbersome and incommodious: those, therefore, which may most easily be carried, and most satisfactorily offered, will be ewers, bowls, cups of cut glass, watches of trifling value, or a piece of gaudy cloth. It is hardly necessary to add, that a traveller who wishes to collect antiquities, should not appear too anxious to possess them. A seeming indifference will bring more reliefs, medals, and gems, to the collector, and at a moderate price; than splendid offers which impoverish, and cause the natives to hoard their stores in hopes of still more enormous extortion. The remaining remarks in this curious and useful preface, of which we have before given our opinion, relate to the measurement of distance by time, which should be taken at the rate of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, we suppose, on the average; to some political hints, into which we shall not enter, but which, no doubt, have their sly meaning; and to an apology for the confusion of the modern with the ancient names of places. This indeed is stated to be unavoidable. Equipped, therefore, with our knives, forks, and et ceteras, accompanied by our janissary (for we prefer a Turk), attended by our *menzilgi*; our steeds, which we

prefer also to mules, neighing, with our firman in the turnpike-ticket pocket, and our letters of recommendation in the sword-case of our litter, we sally forth and enter on the route from CORINTH to CLEONÆ.

Our classical readers need not be reminded, that the Homeric epithet for Cleonæ is *εὐκτιμένης*: considerable ruins still appear on its site, which have not been examined with sufficient diligence. From Argos, it is distant 120 stadia; from Corinth 80; and is visible from the Acrocorinthus. Mr. Gell gives a jejune detail of the uninteresting road. A remark, in p. 21, on the road from Cleonæ to Tretum and Nemæa (so it is here spelt), is in the worst, and most childish style of Adam's geography, purporting, that 'there was a forest in very ancient times round the den of the lion.' *Theocritus, &c.* Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Tretum, *Τρητόν*, was so called from its numerous caverns; and Pausanias avers, that the cave of the Nemean lion was shewn in his time. Three Doric columns, two of which still support the architrave, point out the melancholy ruins of the Temple of the Nemean Jove, which is mournfully encircled by a cypress grove. Mr. Gell gives us a plate to represent these fragments, which apparently lie scattered in a barren and uninteresting country. Mr. Wilkins, jun. of Caius College, Cambridge, supposes, in the Introduction to his superb work of *Magna Græcia*, that there were originally xii columns in the flanks, which would determine the length of the temple at about 163 feet three inches. A farther admeasurement of this temple (we suppose, but it is not asserted, on the general rules of Vitruvius), is attempted, in p. 23, with some success. We should mention, that Mr. Gell's delineation, though from an opposite point of view, is anticipated in the 'Ionian Antiquities,' the valuable publication by the Society of Dilettanti.

It may be, that the ancient annals of Warwickshire inform us of the exact spot in which the dun cow chewed the cud; we do not remember, however, that Dugdale has perpetuated the tradition. We conceive, notwithstanding, that such *minutiæ* ought not to be disregarded, as our author gives up a whole paragraph, (p. 26), to tell us, that 'the wood between Nemea and Mycenæ was the chief haunt of the Nemean Lion.' Both Hercules and Guy, no doubt, knew where to put up their game.

The ruins of Mycenæ are coarsely, but apparently (with an exception hereafter to be noted), correctly delineated in a succession of plates: the map, however, at p. 28, gives

us the best idea of their situation, and respective bearings. In the same page, we object to the word 'waterduct,' which is a most mungrel term: Mr. G.'s classical ears should have repudiated any sound, in this case, but 'aquæduct,' or 'watercourse.'

The walls of the citadel of Mycenæ are said to be very curious; and there appear evident marks of their being contemporary with those of Tyrinthus. This is a subject of fair conjecture: but when we are told, that Homer states Mycenæ to be *well built*, in calling the city *εὐκτιμενον πόλιεθρον*, and are assured, that this might refer *as well to the walls as to the houses*, we are reminded of the nugatory theories which we have already had reason to expose in our review of the Ithaca. Does then *Ιθακῆς εὐκτιμενης*, Od. X. 52, mean the walls, or even the citadel of Ithaca? No. The epithet does not apply simply to masonry, but to colonization. And if we allowed it in the former strict sense (which numberless instances in Homer prove, that we cannot do), still it is only an Homeric epithet, without direct application to this or that town, any more than *ἰφθιμος*, *κρατερος*, and a thousand other epithets are referable to a particular hero. To mention only a few instances, Pylos is called *εὐκτιμενον πόλιεθρον* Od. I. 4. Lesbos, an island again, is *εὐκτιμενη* Od. 4. 342. as it is also in Od. P. 134. *Μεδειωνα τ' εὐκτιμενον πόλιεθρον* in the Catalogue II. B. 501. But it is futile to accumulate passages for the demonstration of that which is manifest to every school-boy.

Pausanias mentions the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ in these words. *Corinthiaca* 59. *λείπεται δὲ ὁμῶς ἐτι καὶ ἀλλὰ τε περιβολῆ, καὶ ἡ πυλὴ· Λεόντες δὲ ἐφεσηκασιν αὐτῇ. Κυκλωπῶν δὲ καὶ ταῦτα ἐργὰ εἶναι λεγῶσιν, οἱ Προίτῳ τὸ τεῖχος ἐποίησαν ἐν Τίρυνθι.* The remains of these lions are still extant, and have been accurately measured by Mr. Gell: perhaps they are the only existing sculpture of the heroic ages. The heads and necks have perished: the feet and the head appear, from the plate, to be still well indicated. Indeed the mutilation is so great upwards, that it is impossible to decide at the present day which way the heads turned. On the plate, they seem very much like animal supporters to a coat of arms. The use, or rather the type of these lions, is discussed in a learned manner through some of the subsequent pages.

It is a curious circumstance, that nearly 1800 years ago, the geographer Strabo declared that not a vestige of My-

cenæ remained! There can, we think, be no doubt, that he erred egregiously on this point; as it is evident he did on many others connected with Greece. Mr. Gell says 'of course he had not been on the spot;' and to dumb-found him the more, he represents Mycenæ in a plate attached to the page. Now really if such is the appearance of that city, we cannot find fault with Strabo for his assertion, for, by the laws of perspective, there certainly does not appear a single ruin larger than a horse-block: and the stones which do obtrude themselves, appear to have been collected rather by the sportiveness of nature, than the mystery of Cyclopians.

Affixed to p. 44 is a most absurd delineation of what are called some Cyclopiian walls: it is literally nothing more than a representation of the angular joinings of stone to stone in the space of about twenty or thirty feet long, and twelve high. This, in our opinion, exceeds the most disgusting antiquarianism it was ever our chance to meet with. In one place a stone has fallen out; which is duly supplied by a black patch.

At p. 48 commences the route from Mycenæ to Argos. A few tumuli are observable in what Mr. Gell conceives to be the best road, which descending the hill from Krabata, at about twelve minutes from the village falls into the high road to Corinth. From thence '*contingit adire Corinthum*' without much difficulty; our route however lies another way; and the whole of it, though it occupies some quarto pages, might be performed on a summer day in less than an hour and a half. Our next route is to Nauplia, by Barbitza and Tyrins: there is, we think, nothing worthy of notice in this track: and though Tyrins is said to be the best specimen now existing of the military architecture of the heroic ages, we confess that, with the exception of the very curious Cyclopiian gallery, we see little fund of admiration. We next arrive at Argos, of which a tolerably lucid description is given; the modern city occupies the site of the ancient, but 'the hill of the citadel, the citadel itself, and the Phoronean hill are now totally deserted.'

We ever gave Mr. Gell more credit for his knowledge of Romaic, on modern Greek, than the ancient tongue of the country over which he tours. Yet we did not expect, after a Greek quotation, to find *Iphigenia in aulis* cited, p. 64. An endeavour is made to ascertain the site of the gates at Argos, but it is not satisfactory. There are certain towers on the eminence, which appear to great ad-

vantage from the plain below: they are, however, only the work of the Venetians. There is a very ancient inscription at the base of one of them, and it may be probably that, to which the great French scholar Villoison alludes. It deserves, says Mr. Gell, a very particular examination; surely then we might here have expected at least a reduced fac-simile. The modern Argos is a rising town, and said to contain near four thousand inhabitants. The houses are chiefly cottages built in right lines, and generally only one story high. The house of a Greek archon, and rich merchant, is particularly recommended as a good lodging-house for strangers, to whom Blasopoulo (for that is his name) is highly courteous. He has also the character of cheating a little less than his neighbours. The Argive brats, it seems, are annoying to travellers: and it is necessary, during a promenade, to be attended by a janissary.

At p. 70, we proceed from Stymphalus to Agios Giorgios. The ruins of the former city are still visible on an abrupt rock jutting into the classical lake, of which we need not remind our readers. We quote a curious passage introduced in this route, p. 71.

'At thirty minutes descend, at thirty-five pass a heap of small stones called an anathema. The method used by a modern Greek to call curses on his enemy is this. He takes a quantity of stones, and places them in a heap in a conspicuous part of the road, cursing his neighbour, as he places each stone. As no man is supposed to be anathematized without having committed some heinous sin, it becomes the duty of all good Christians to add at least one stone, and its consequent curse to the heap, so that it often increases to a considerable size. Not far from this is a second anathema.

The scenery is very bold and picturesque in the road from Tegea by Steno to Nauplia. The mountains are passed by a descent called the Scalatou Bey, or the Bey's Causeway. Ruins, which are apparently those of a temple, are observable on the opposite side of a glen. The guides termed it Jero. After this there follow several most uninteresting cross-road tours, which are not marked by much greater curiosities than the road from Fulham to Acton, or Edgware to Enfield. At Mantinea at least we expected to find some heart-warming Reminiscences. But no, all is equally cold, all equally jejune. The account of bathing in the town of Nauplia is by no means uninteresting.

'There are two baths in the town, the use of which will be found very refreshing after a journey. It is better for a stranger

to visit these places when they are not crowded by the inhabitants. The first apartment has a fire in the centre and round the walls are several sofas, or rather beds, which have clean sheets and blankets. Here when the bather is stripped, a cotton cloth is wrapped round him, and he is conducted in wooden pannels, through several vaulted rooms, each hotter than the last, to a chamber, where he is placed upon a wooden platform about the size of a door, and raised four inches from the pavement. Here a profuse perspiration is rubbed off by one of the attendants, who likewise performs the ceremony of champooing for those who wish it. After this a bason full of lather is brought, and the bather is rubbed with a soft brush made of an oriental plant. He is then left alone with a bowl, with which he pours upon himself warm or cold water, both which flow near him into a marble basin. On clapping the hands, the attendant brings a fresh dress of cotton cloth, which is wrapped round the waist, and another, in the form of a turban, is placed on the head. He is then reconducted to the first apartment, where he is placed between the sheets, and drinks a cup of coffee while he is drying. It is said to be perfectly safe to leave any sum of money in the pockets while bathing, and that no instance of theft ever occurred at a bath. Those only who have tried can judge of the wonderfully cleansing and refreshing effect of this custom. The vulgar idea of catching cold after it is erroneous.—P. 90.

Although we have observed the assertion contained in the latter sentence in more books of travels than one, it surely has no foundation in truth or in sense. The natives of the northernmost countries of Europe, as Acerbi tells us, perform these ablutions, and immediately come into the open air, nay roll themselves in snow, without any visible danger. The inhabitants of a southern clime may be equally steeled against any bad effect; but this assuredly depends on early custom, and we dare venture to say that in many instances the steam-bath of Lapland or of Greece, with a sudden exposure to the outward air, would prove extremely deleterious to an English constitution.

We must dwell a short space amidst the ruins of Jero; and shall first quote a passage from Pausanias in the original, which Mr. Gell has given garbled in English.

κατα δε την Λησσαν εχεται της Αργειας η Επιδαυριαν.—
το δε ιερον αλος τε Ασκληπιε περιεχουσιν ὄροι* πανταχοθεν.

* Mr. Gell has translated, *without remark*, ὄροι termini into montes. This savours again of the preponderance of Romaic lore in his head. Amaseus reads ὄρη. Rev.

We may here remark that Strabo, L. viii. says of this spot, περικλειεσθαι ορεσιν ὑψηλοῖς, and therefore query should it not be *ορη* in the text of Pausanias. *εδε αποθνησκουσιν, εδε τικτεσιν αι γυναικες σφισιν εντος τε περιβολης* καθα και επι Δηλω τη νησω τον αυτον νομον.*—*τε δε Αισκληπιε το αγαλμα μεγαθει μεν τε Αθηνησιν Ολυμπιε Διος ημισυ αποδει, πεποιηται δε ελεφαντος και χρυσε. μηνυει δε επιγραμμα τον ειργασμενον ειναι Θρασυμηδην Αριγνωτε Παριον*—

Then follows a passage in our author, which is non-apparent in the text. 'It was placed over a well, that the humidity might prevent the ivory from cracking.' We cannot transcribe more; but what we have already cited may tempt the reader to peruse the whole passage, and particularly pp. 172, 173, of Kuhn's edition of Pausanias, in the *Corinthiaca*.*

The Design, and the map of the valley must be consulted to give us any definite idea of the present appearance of the sacred enclosure of Æsculapius. The '*may be's*,' and the '*was in all probability*,' here begin to crowd in, prefacing a quantity of mock fanciful hypotheses. There are still to be seen the remains of some most beautiful sculpture on white marble; they are handsomely represented on the top of the title-page to the work. The possessor of this elegant volume may there indulge in the fancy that he views the representation of a beautiful cover to a sarcophagus. The plan of Jero, and the description of the theatre, have been drawn, and are explained with uncommon precision and accuracy. Of all those structures, whose ruins excite in us the remembrance, that they once resounded with mirth extracted from the facetiousness of Aristophanes, or bore witness to the tears elicited by Euripides, none is more perfect than this. The proscenium, indeed has vanished, but the lapse of ages, and barbarian violence have not materially injured the seats. Of these there are, at present, fifty-five separated from each other by more than twenty allies, which run in right lines from the highest to the lowest. The diameter of the orchestra is eighty-nine feet.

The road from Jero to Epidaurus is well defined; and, as we have before had occasion to hint, if these directions were reduced into the form of a manual, they would be the most complete guide possible; but in their present

* Mr. Gell's references to Pausanias cannot always be depended on. Rev.

state they are nearly useless. The following remarks on Hermione will give a general idea of the modern building of Grecian towns.

‘Nothing can more clearly shew the impossibility of rendering a book of routes intelligible by using the modern names only of towns, villages, and mountains, than the frequent recurrence of the same term. Hermione is now termed Kastri, so is Delphi, and so are many other ruined fortifications in the country. Kastri is like Damala, built in the style of the towns of the Archipelago, with flat roofs, and the houses of that species are usually more commodious, and less liable to injury from rain, than the tiled houses of the continent of Greece. The walls are built of stone sometimes covered with stucco. On these, rafters are laid almost in their natural state at short intervals. These are again covered with small bushes resembling furze, on which gravel is thrown. The platform on the top has usually an inclination scarcely perceptible, to one of the angles, from which the rain water is discharged. The method is so simple that the total exclusion of the water during the most violent showers seems astonishing, yet the fact is no less true. No care is taken of these roofs, and the people walk and hang out their linen to dry upon them.

‘The town is entirely modern, and was probably re-peopled from the islands after the incursions of those pirates had ceased, which about a century ago depopulated almost the whole of the Argolic peninsula.

‘The women of Kastri wear a curious veil of yellow cotton, which being very long, serves the purposes of bonnet, veil, handkerchief, and lappets at the same time. The population of the town seems rather increasing. The people speak the Albanian tongue almost exclusively.

‘The ruins of the ancient Hermione are to be found upon a long neck of land stretching into the sea from the modern village of Kastri. Pausanias says the length of it is seven stadia. From the lowest part of the village to the summit of the hill, anciently called Prona, part of which way was, in the time of Pausanias, covered with the houses of the more recent city, the distance is 1166 yards passing by the windmills.’

The volume terminates with a description of the plates, and some other remarks, which fill up and conclude the design. We understand that Mr. Gell has already set out upon an honourable mission, appointed by the Dilettanti Society; for the purpose of examination and actual admeasurement of the stupendous ruins, that still lie scattered over the Asiatic coast, more particularly in Ionia and Caria. These magnificent specimens of the most ancient architecture, may even as yet be said to be imperfectly discovered; fanaticism and stupidity are making

daily havoc among them; and while the political vacillations of the Porte allow a lucid interval, an opportunity should doubtless be seized, which may otherwise be lost for ever. Indeed we earnestly recommend all Eastern travellers to a redoubled exertion in their admeasurements, and descriptions; for as Lord Elgin has set the fashion of packing up and shipping off whole temples, '*etiam perire ruinæ*', may soon be the answer of the native to the enquiring tourist.

We now take our leave of Mr. Gell, soliciting him on his return, as he will doubtless publish, to print a smaller edition of his new discoveries, which may, for different reasons, be more accommodated than the present work, to the pockets of the scholar, and the traveller. We should also recommend a thorough and diligent re-perusal of Strabo and Pausanias. Stephanus *de Urbibus*, and a few of the earlier Byzantine historians, may be consulted with success; and when to these additional stores, Mr. Gell's acknowledged skill in land-surveying is united, we may be enabled to bestow on his works more general praise, than what he has hitherto published seems to deserve.

ART. VI.—*Roncesvalles, a Poem, in Twelve Books. By R. Wharton, Esq. M. P. F. R. S.* Hatchard, 1812. 4to. 1l. 10s. in Boards.

'WHAT time' Agramante, the son of Trojano, and grandson of Agolant, king of Carthage and Biserta, arrayed under his banners the whole host of Pagandom to subvert the empire of Charlemagne, a valiant knight, Dudon by name (the son of the celebrated Oger of Denmark) was dispatched by his sovereign in quest of Orlando, Rinaldo, and other Paladins, the wonted defenders of his crown, concerning whom nothing at that time appears to have been known at the Christian court, except that, if living, they were, (in all probability) to be met with somewhere or other on the face of the habitable globe, at all events, within the limits of the creation. Mr. Wharton introduces us into the company of the Danish ambassador, just as he has arrived, in the execution of his hopeful mission, at

'—the broad plain whose utmost borders lave
The Euxine west, and east the Caspian wave.'

The personages of Romance are seldom long at a loss in finding each other out when their hearts are set upon

the business; accordingly we have not had to ride above a couple of dozen of lines before we find the two warriors, whom it was Dudon's principal object to look for, together with four of their companions in arms, with whose names the readers of *Berni* and *Ariosto* are familiar, viz. *Iroldo* and *Prasildo*,

‘Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black.’

Before this goodly company he opens his credentials; but *Orlando*, unfortunately at this time entangled in the chains of the fair *Angelica*, and bent on displaying his prowess in her service, at the famous siege of *Albracca*, refuses to return, and obstinately continues his journey eastward. The others, more faithful to their allegiance, obey the commands of *Charlemagne*. They embark, with the ambassador, at *Trebizond*, and land again at one of the mouths of the *Danube*; thence pursuing their course to *Belgrade*, the capital city of *Ottachieri*, king of *Hungary*, whose hospitable reception of them concludes the first book.

Book the second. A Spaniard named *Spinella*, who for some reason or other, (we forget what) had just about this time made his appearance in *Ottachieri*'s court, relates to the assembled peers, with all the accuracy of a newspaper reporter, the substance of the speeches at *King Agramante*'s council of war, whereat (among a crowd of princes) the necromantic king of the *Garamantes* was present, and declared, as a discovery made by his art, that success would not attend the purposed invasion, unless a certain knight, *Ruggiero* by name, were found and enlisted into the general service. This knight had been educated by the enchanter *Atlante*, whose dwelling was on the highest peak of *Teneriffe*, invisible to mortal eye. A messenger was immediately dispatched by *Agramante* to seek the fated hero, who (according to *George Colman*'s rule, that ‘what's impossible can't be’) being invisible, can no where be seen; and the ill success of this embassy gave occasion to a further consultation with the *Garamantic* sage, and to a further discovery through his means that the charmed ring possessed by *Angelica* was the only talisman in the world capable of dispelling the darkness of the peak. A kingly recompence was offered to him (who-soever he might be) that would achieve the winning of this precious instrument; and the task was undertaken by *Brunello*, a cunning thief, but fitter for the purpose (as the sequel shews) than the stoutest knight of *Pagandom*.

Book the third. The Christian knights, having heard

out Spinella's story with incredible patience, set off, (joined by the Hungarian king and the flower of his warriors) for the court of Charlemagne, where they experience no very flattering reception, the absence of Orlando being a subject of greater regret than their arrival, of rejoicing. However, the emperor bravely resolves to make the best of a bad matter, and musters all the forces he can collect upon the plain of Turin. Rodomonte, the bold blaspheming King of Sarza, (whose name is foully and unjustly disgraced by being applied, in these latter days) to every vain and empty boaster) disdaining the prudent caution of Agramante, embarks with his own army, at Algiers, on a separate expedition against the coasts of Italy.

The subject of the fourth book is the Rape of Angelica's Ring. Orlando, impatient of delay in the accomplishment of his loves, and urged by the wily arts of the traitor Brunello, adopts the unknighly expedient of making himself master of the princess by stratagem. The poor lady is thrown into a deep sleep by a cup of nepenthe, which the enchantress Urganda (a third confederate in this unholy league) has mixed for the purpose; and, while off her guard, loses the precious talisman. Orlando, roused by a feeling of remorse at the instant of the perpetration of his crime, leaves his victim untouched; and Brunello carries off the ring to Biserta with impunity.

The fifth book contains the discovery of Ruggiero. Of this knight it had been foretold that certain death would await his first essay in arms, unless some important circumstances should intervene, the nature of which does not appear to have been clearly understood by the prophetic powers. The enchanter Atlante, to avert from him the dangers announced by this fatal prediction, had placed him on the top of Teneriffe, 'unseen by mortal eye.' Angelica's ring (as the reader will remember) had been obtained solely for the purpose of revealing his place of residence, and thus facilitating the acquisition of his important person. With this magic instrument in his possession, Agramante himself sets out on the discovery. Urganda cooperates with him by employing her powerful charms to allure his guardian to her court on Mount Etna; and, by the aid of Brunello's artifices, during his absence the whole design is accomplished. The discovery of this infamous intrigue dissolves in a moment the long intimacy between Atlante and Urganda, and arms the former with implacable vengeance against his old friend and companion. Melissa, a good Christian enchantress, taking ad-

vantage of this circumstance, informs Atlante that the fate of his adopted son can be averted only by his being permitted to yield to the charms of the warrior-lady Bradamante, and through her influence to abjure the wicked creed of his forefathers. Atlante gives his consent; and thus, it is easy to perceive, that in process of time, poor king Agramant will find himself grievously outwitted, and that after all his trouble, instead of a champion, he has caught a Tartar.

Book the sixth. Rodomonte, King of Sarza, whose embarkation we before noticed, arrives at the conclusion of his voyage, and effects a landing on the coast of Lombardy. Rinaldo, and others of the Paladins, join the army of King Desiderio, and a bloody battle ensues, which is fought on both sides with all the fury of romance, and with nearly equal success. The knight of Montalban challenges the Sarzan to single combat in a wood.

Book the seventh. Rodomonte, eager for the appointed rencontre, enters the wood alone, but, purposely misled by Urganda (his powerful protectress) journeys on till he finds himself within the realm of France. Here he is met by the famous Moorish champion, Ferrau, whose well-known custom it was never to wear any helmet but one conquered in single fight from an enemy. He falls in love with that which Rodomonte wears, and challenges the possession of it. Their combat is interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who informs them that King Marsilio is advancing for the purpose of winning Rinaldo's castle of Montalban by surprize during that knight's absence. The contending warriors hereupon compose their difference, and amicably take the road together towards Montalban. In their way they meet with an enchanted cell, erected by the spells of Urganda, into which the king of Sarza, entering, is seized by the charmed image of a knight, and kept prisoner in his arms for the space of a twelvemonth. The reason assigned for this singular act of *favouritism* on the part of Urganda, is her having read in the book of fate that her champion would perish before the walls of Montalban.

The eighth book describes the siege of Montalban, and its deliverance by the timely arrival of Rinaldo. That warrior, being informed by the messenger (now made captive) of the adventure of Rodomonte, sets out on his horse Bayardo in hopes to find him and force him to the combat, which, it is supposed, he had shunned. Arrived within the verge of the enchanted forest, he also is spell-

bound by the arts of Urganda. Meanwhile all the Paladins, eager to behold the expected fight, sally forth in the most disordered manner from the imperial camp, and are led on by fresh delusions of the enchantress from place to place till they arrive at Roncesvalles. Here, tired with the pursuit they pitch their tents in extreme confusion.

In the ninth book the poet leads us back to Orlando, who, stung by a late compunction, leaves the towers of Albracca behind him, and speeds in gloomy silence towards Europe and the court of Charlemagne. He then conducts us to Biserta, where Agramante having returned from his successful expedition to Teneriffe, holds another council with his Paynim peers. He embarks for Spain, accompanied by Ruggiero, joins King Maniglio on his flight from Montalban, and marches, with their united forces, towards Roncesvalles, where he hopes to entrap the Christian warriors. We are lastly desired to attend the enchantress Melissa, who goes in search of Bradamante, and explains to her the will of heaven respecting her future union with Ruggiero, and all the glories of that illustrious race which is doomed to spring from their embraces.

In the two succeeding books are recorded the changeful incidents of that eventful day, so long foredoomed for the destruction of imperial Charles and his Paladins. It is unnecessary to follow the thread of the story more closely in this brief analysis. Ruggiero, as may be supposed, is the hero of the day. The little band of Christian knights, after a long resistance, is broken and scattered in all directions. 'The Atlantean warrior,' while hot in the pursuit, is drawn aside by the charms of Melissa to a retired spot in the forest, where Bradamante lies bound in magic slumber. She wakes at the instant of his arrival; and both (for who can resist the power of destiny?) experience at one moment the irresistible impulse of love. Agramante's champion abandons, without a scruple, the cause which had so lately engaged his whole soul, and, opportunely calling to mind an old prediction of his guardian, consents to sacrifice his faith at the shrine of his new-born passion. The lovers are borne away together to the bower of Melissa, where, previous to the completion of their destined union, the enchantress discovers to them in a vision the long line of their illustrious progeny.

'Ferraro first, by Brunswick's fame surpast,
And the majestic throne of Albion last.'

Meantime the Christian knights rally, and for a short

period again dispute the honours of the day; but Urganda, finding herself bamboozled out of her favourite champion, has recourse to her terrible foster-son, the giant Ferrau. The fate of Charlemagne is sealed by that warrior's arrival; and his death concludes the eleventh book.

Book the twelfth and last. A greater hero now appears, whose death was yet wanting to complete the bloody sacrifice of that day. Orlando arrives at the top of the mountains which overlook the plain of Roncesvalles just as Charlemagne has breathed his last. Ignorant, as yet, of his sovereign's fate, he descends and mingles in the fight. The sound of his terrible horn fills every bosom with dismay, and scatters the Pagan host in all directions. Agramant alone withstands his force and is slain. With his dying breath he triumphs in having lived to witness the fall of the Roman emperor. Orlando, stung to madness by the reflection that his criminal passion had been the remote occasion of the death of his sovereign, seeks every where for the death from which his charmed nature preserves him; for it is well known that, at his birth, his body had been rendered invulnerable by the power of enchantment. Ferrau, though instigated to resistance by the enraged Urganda, flies, regardless of her exhortations, till, being stopped in his progress by a broken bridge, he finds himself compelled to turn and fight. His skin, like Orlando's, is impassive to the sword; but he is at length crushed to death by the fragment of a rock hurled at him by his antagonist. Urganda now applies herself, as her last resource, to the traitor Brunello, directing him to head an arrow with the ring of Angelica (of power to dissolve every other enchantment) and shoot it at the Christian champion. The coward, trembling with fear, misses his aim, and is punished with instant death by the enchantress, who, having recovered the fatal arrow, executes with her own hand the meditated vengeance, although in so doing she surrenders up her spirit long since forfeited, to the powers of hell. Meanwhile, the ring of Angelica has performed its office; and Orlando, expiating by his last pangs the guilt of his fatal passion, breathes out his soul in peace and holy confidence.

The Italian romances, founded, or professing to be founded, on the fabulous chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, though once exceedingly popular, are now very little read or heard of in this country. Ariosto, indeed, is every where styled 'the divine,' or the 'immortal;' but there are not many who can appreciate the justice of his claims

to these distinguishing titles; and fewer still are those who know any thing except the names, of the other classical poets of the same stamp, Pulci, Boiardo, and Berni. Yet these were but the fathers of a long line of successive bards who, adopting the same favourite model, pursue the history of the different Paladins through all the varieties of whimsical and romantic adventures according to the dictates of a wild ungoverned fancy. There is a continuation of the Orlando Innamorato by Nicolo degli Agostini; a continuation of the Furioso by Pauluccio; there is 'La Morte del Danese,' by Cassio da Narni; a Mandricardo Innamorato, and a Marphisa Innamorata, both by Bandarini; an 'Amor di Marphisa,' by Cataneo; an 'Innamoramento di Rinaldo,' by Dino; Pescatore has left us two poems, one entitled the Death, the other the Revenge, of Ruggiero; we have the Ricciardetto Innamorato of Civeri, another Ricciardetto by Carteromaco, the Sacripante of Dolce, the Marphisa Bizarra of Dragoncino; besides which we have an Orlandino (or Orlando the younger) by Petocco, and in like manner a young Ruggiero by Renaldini, and a young Rodomont by Legname; while, among a host of anonymous poems, we discover an enamoured Astolpho, an empassioned Rinaldo, an Orlando Furibondo, and even a Charlemagne in love. It is almost impossible that, in all or most of these poems (and a much greater number might have been cited) there should be absolutely nothing worthy to save their authors from oblivion. The sentiment, which long prevailed in prejudice of all the productions of romance, has for many years given place to a more favourable appretiation of their merits. Whence comes it, then, that while Amadis and Belianis, Polendos and Primaleon, Arthur and Lancelot, are daily stripped of their old worm-eaten vestments, clothed in fine raiments, and laid on the breakfast-tables of the lords and ladies of the land, so few persons ever dream of the Rodomontes and Ruggieros of Italian fable? We cannot help wishing that the example of a secretary to the treasury may have some influence in reviving a taste for this forgotten department of genius; but we can do no more than express our hopes, and now proceed in our examination of the poem of which we have already submitted the outline to our readers.

Those who are in the least degree acquainted with the work of Boiardo, or with its 'Rifaccimento' by Berni, will immediately perceive, that for the general plan, and for many of the incidents, of this poem, the author is in-

debted to that justly celebrated romance. Several passages Mr. Wharton has closely translated, and a great many more he has imitated with more or less freedom, from the original before him. But we think he has greatly failed in the attempt to reduce the wild conceptions of the Italian poet within the compass of epic rules. The fate of nations is made to depend on the amorous fury of Orlando, as on the rage of Achilles; yet the poetical effect of the story is tame, and its moral, though obvious enough, possesses nothing new nor striking to recommend it. The character of the hero, although merely the creature of romance, yet appears to us to demand some degree of poetical fidelity. The Orlando of Archbishop Turpin, and also of Pulci, who (in the grand conclusion of his extraordinary poem) is a close copyer of the venerable, though lying, chronicle which he has taken for his model, is a perfect picture of chivalrous virtue. Bojardo, in detailing his extravagant passion for Angelica, and still more Ariosto, in driving him mad for love of her, have somewhat tarnished the lustre of the original picture. But none of these authors (so far as we can recollect) have given authority for the dark shades which Mr. Wharton has thought proper to bestow on his portrait, leaving in it scarcely any resemblance to the first design, and robbing it of all the interest which a hero of romance ought to inspire. There was, besides, no sort of occasion for making Orlando a participator in the infamous intrigues of Brunello and Urganda, who might have effected the rape of the ring just as well without his assistance as with it. Another liberty, which we think equally unjustifiable, is that which Mr. Wharton has taken with the *historical* features of the romances before him. The battle of Roncesvalles, as recorded by Archbishop Turpin (no matter whether it has any foundation in the *reality* of history, or not) possesses at least so much of romantic truth that we consider any essential deviation from the general features of the event there related to be a crime hardly of less malignity in the court of poetry than a falsification of the wars of Alexander, or of the death of Cæsar. Neither Bojardo, nor his restorer Berni, have any thing to do with the battle of Roncesvalles. Pulci (as we have before remarked) in relating it, follows with scrupulous fidelity the outline of the Chronicle, filling up its vacancies indeed, but not in the slightest instance altering its features. It is to be further observed, that the outline thus filled up presents us with a picture eminently striking and beautiful.

The Roncesvalles of Mr. Wharton is entirely a creature of his own imagination. He kills Orlando, it is true, but in a manner as different from Turpin as the death of Tom Thumb is different from that of Brutus. He kills Charlemagne also, whom all former writers, both of history and romance,* represent as dying quietly in his bed. But the worst is, that, so far from substituting a fiction of greater interest in the room of that which he has cast aside, Mr. Wharton has sacrificed all the advantages which he might have derived from an adherence to the old romance, and given us, instead of them, an invention of his own, without any superior merit whatever to recommend it. We have one more objection to make, and with it shall close our criticism of the fable. In the wild, unconnected, romances of the Italian poets, the superabundance of poetical machinery is not to be noticed as a defect. We are conducted from one scene of enchantment to another without any apology; for novelty and amusement are the only objects which the writer has in view. But when an appearance of method is given to these wild fancies, the case is otherwise; and we have a right to complain that, in the poem before us, we are introduced to no fewer than four principal supernatural agents, without witnessing any effect answerable to such a prodigality of power.

With regard to the execution of the design, the versification strikes us as being (in general) very much on a level with that of Mr. Hoole's translation of Ariosto; that is to say, its prevailing character is mediocrity. Many passages, however, occurred to us on the perusal, which appear deserving of a higher degree of praise. We will instance the following very poetical, and (we believe) original, comparisons. Describing the arrogance of Orlando's character, which was such, that all the rest of mankind appeared to him so inferior to himself,

' That none surpassing seem'd in fame or place;
Nor might the noblest knight more favour find
From his proud heart, than one of humble kind;'

The poet thus proceeds:

' As to that eye which at the morning hour
From Skiddaw views afar Jerne's shore,
The sand, the darker wood, the ocean blue,
The steril hills resign their proper hue;

* Unless we except Milton, who represents the transaction with similar inaccuracy.

— When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.

And all one blended colour seem to wear
Which distance weaves into the mellowing air.'—P. 91.

A little farther, the 'cankering influence' obtained by Brunello over the hero's mind, gives occasion to the following simile :

'As when beneath an oak's protecting shade,
'Midst other stems a pine erects its head,
Whate'er its blighting branches touch or hide,
(The flower, the shrub, the scion's glossy pride,)
Shrinks at the sickly contact, and expires ;
The verdant cincture as they spread retires.
Ev'n on the guardian oak its venom preys,
And many a leafless bough th' ungrateful plant betrays.'

P. 100.

The landing of Rodomonte on the Italian shore.

'Himself, terrific, striding at their head,
The bravest far of all the troops he led ;
As Hesper, foremost of the starry crew,
Springs first to light, and shines the brightest too.'—P. 148.

The splendour of Ferrau's armour contrasted with the darkness of the forest.

'——— from a grove
Sudden his bounding steed a warrior drove,
From whose bright mail a gleam of splendour *flow'd*
That shot athwart, and lighted up the *wood*.
Thus, if some stream a hollow course pursue
Obscured by foliage, umber'd is its hue ;
And the surrounding trees and rocks assume
One character, o'erspread by general gloom.
But if the sun that deep recess invades,
His beam at once illuminates the shades ;
A mass of glaring light each tree *becomes*,
And the clear torrent sparkles as it *foams*.'—P. 178.

Agramant, in the battle of Roncesvalles, is compared to the river of Amazons.

—— 'Him who, of the giant Andes born,
Pours his wide waters towards the rising morn,
And, rushing far amid the Atlantic main,
Scorns in the gulfy deeps their monarch's reign.
Against him all the surges swell and roar,
Hurling th' intrusive billows to the shore,
While, with a voice which Neptune's self appalls,
The spirit of the stream his torrent calls,
Confronting wave with wave, and *unsubdued*,
Rides on the foamy surface of the *flood*.'—P. 282.

The spirit of Achilles is finely imagined to shed its influence over the waters of the Euxine, and favour the passage of the Paladins of France.

——— 'The Grecian ghost
Shed a deep stillness o'er that stormy coast;
For him the presence of that knightly train
Fired with the thought of arms and Hector slain.'—P. 18.

When Ruggiero, being at length discovered by the followers of Agramant, descended from the aerial tower of his preceptor, to join the warlike assembly below,

——— 'The echo of his steps was heard by death.'

And, when he first mixes in the war, at the battle of Roncesvalles,

——— 'Plain to sense amid the incumbent gloom
Was heard the rustling of Urganda's plume.'—P. 265.

All these strike us as instances of poetical conception much superior to the general tone of mediocrity which we have observed to be the prevalent character of the poem. The search for the Castle of Atlante in the second book, the description of Urganda in the third, some detached passages in the description of Ruggiero's nuptials, and a few others in the return of Orlando, and towards the conclusion of the poem, we would also mark as rising above the common level. The enchantment of Rodomonte in the seventh book, though in fact borrowed from the well-known *Rosicrucian* story in the spectator, and though Urganda's object might have been attained as well without such a complication of machinery, affords a favourable example of the author's powers.

'But Rodomont (Urganda drove him on),
Spurr'd for the first, and reach'd the place *alone*
Dismounting, thro' the door he look'd around,
Marking th' unsightly weeds that hid the ground,
And, up the gloomy nave in order *plac'd*
The sable flags, and the dim statue *cast*.
He started; thro' his flesh a coldness *crept*;
But rous'd, within the door he boldly *stepp'd*,
And on the flag that join'd the threshold, *leap'd*.
Quick as he touch'd that stone, which rocking shook,
The right hand from its cheek the figure took.*
Amaz'd, but not dismay'd, he trod *again*;
To the next flag one step he scarce had *ta'en*,

* At the upper end of the vault was the statue of a man in armour sitting at a table and leaning on his left arm. He had a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The stranger had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue, erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bold upright; and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left its guest in utter darkness.—Spectator, No. 379.

When, with a crash, the arm that hung *behind*,
 The statue mov'd, and both before it *join'd*,
 He press'd the next.—The form its arms spread wide.
 The next—th' unfolded legs stood side by side,
 And strait, at the next footfall, up it sprung—
 A sullen sound throughout the chapel rung.
 But when the wond'ring knight, still undismay'd,
 His forward foot on the sixth marble laid,
 The figure from its niche in silence *strode*
 To the twelfth flag, one step, and upright *stood*.
 Then onward rush'd the knight; the iron feet
 Mov'd flag for flag, till on the ninth they met.
 Against the warrior's sword the figure sprung,
 And round his trunk and arms involving clung:
 So strictly did those iron limbs enclasp,
 So clench him with indissoluble grasp,
 So to his sides his sinewy elbows strain,
 That every effort, all his strength was vain.
 The figure 'twixt its knees his legs confin'd;
 (His feet a little rais'd, and push'd behind),
 And close upon his cheek its visage laid
 As cold, as thro' the heart's blood glides a blade;
 Till o'er his nerves a magic stillness ran,
 Benumb'd and curdled by that spell-born man.

' At once of all the building not a trace
 Was left, and vision fled th' enchanted place,
 When first the form was touch'd—the spell *within*
 Palsied the ambient air; and nought was *seen*:
 And, tho' the day above was bright and *clear*,
 Such supernat'ral dimness brooded *there*,
 That vacant all to Ferraù appear'd,
 And save the clink of iron, nought he heard.
 With Gastilon arriving, where before
 The building stood, they found nor wall nor *door*;
 As matter seen in-dreams, is known no more.'

But if several passages in the poem ascend above mediocrity, impartiality obliges us to observe, that many unquestionably sink below it. The spell, by which the Paladins of France are hurried away to Roncesvalles, is not only too mean an artifice for a result of so much importance, but is in itself extremely ridiculous. The sudden love of Ruggiero and Bradamante, and his immediate conversion, are circumstances as unpoetical as they are preposterous. The power of enchantment itself is hardly sufficient to reconcile the inconsistency, and very lamely supplies the defect of interest. It would be difficult to find any where purer instances of the bathos than are here to be met with.

Each boat, *each lighter*, spread its sunburnt sail.' P. 79.

— 'Twelve, *the multiple of four and three*,
Married in cabalistic mystery.'

"*Shame, shame!*" the Atlantéan warrior cried.'

The defects of carelessness in the versification are innumerable. Perhaps no poem of equal length has been composed since the days of Dryden, disfigured with such a superfluity of faulty rhymes. Where defects of this nature rarely occur, our ears are not fastidious enough to be much displeased with them. But where a poem affects to be composed in rhyme, and your pronunciation is haulted at every second couplet by a blank-verse termination, this is a circumstance which really deserves to be set down among the 'Miseries of Human Life.'

We have one more 'crow to pluck' with Mr. Wharton before we part from him. Uncourtly as we may be deemed in our general sentiments, we really have no objections to the sprinkling of a few complimentary strains in a modern poem. But Mr. Wharton has very far exceeded the bounds of decency (according to our notions of things), in the measure of his flattery. It would seem a difficult matter for an ordinary poet to speak too highly in praise of that able general upon whom the present destinies of Spain and Portugal so greatly depend. But Lord Wellington is too modest, and; besides, too well aware of the vicissitudes to which all human prosperity is liable, to derive much pleasure from Mr. Wharton's splendid prophecy, that all the world, henceforward,

'Shall measure greatness by his giant scale.'—

The poet would have been unpardonable, if he had forgotten the fabulous genealogy which derives the house of Este from the Union of Ruggiero and Bradamante, or the more certain chain which connects the princes of Ferrara with those of Brunswick. We will, therefore, allow of his prophetic allusion to the times,

— 'When the shield

By Frederick framed, great Wellington shall wield ;'
and (if it were not that certain passages in the immortal poems of Peter Pindar were too forcibly called to our recollection), we would gladly sympathize with the bard in his admiration of

— 'A queen, in whom the world shall see

Her sex's pride, *what woman ought to be ;*

Also— 'of maiden dames a royal band—

Whose living charms with Bradamant shall vie,

Or the pure tenants of the sapphire sky.' PP. 301, 2.

But there is a point at which even flattery of a princess ought to stop short; and, when Mr. Wharton (in his dedication to the Princess Elizabeth), asks her royal highness 'what greater delight an *Englishman* can experience, than that of feeling that he has been the means of *pleasing* any one branch of THE ROYAL HOUSE from which *all* his own happiness is derived;' we cannot help asking ourselves another question: 'Is this the language due from a member of the British House of Commons?'

ART. VII.—*Conferences between the Danish Christian Missionaries resident at Tranquebar, and the Heathen Natives of Hindoostan. Now first rendered into English from the Original Manuscript, by an Officer in the Service of the Honourable East India Company. London, Johnson, 1812, 5s.*

THE following is the account which the editor gives of the manner in which the *original manuscript* of the following conferences was discovered.

'When our troops lately took possession of Tranquebar, one of the officers was quartered in a house, which it afterward appeared, on inquiry, had been the residence of a Danish missionary. Here, in a small recess, or closet, a great number of pamphlets and manuscripts, of one kind and another, some in the Danish, some in the Malabarian language, were heaped promiscuously together.

'The editor, happening to call on this officer one morning, chanced to cast his eye on this heterogeneous heap; and being perhaps naturally curious in these matters, which is the only merit he pretends to lay claim to, he proceeded to examine what appeared to have lain long unnoticed. From amidst a great variety of other papers, such as accounts of house expences, sundry translations from the Malabarian religious books, or Sastras, memorandums of sums of money, clothing, &c. advanced by the good missionaries to support and encourage their converts, he selected the following tract, which seemed to be written with great care in the Danish language, but at what time, or by whom it was composed, did not appear.'

The work itself consists of an introduction, in which some account is given 'of the idolatrous practices and absurd superstitions of the Indians,' and of the result of three conferences of the missionaries, 1st. with some of the less enlightened and more ignorant Hindoos; 2dly, with the Brahmens, and 3dly, with the Mahometans.

We pass, for the present, over the editor's dedication, and hasten to give a few specimens of the conferences with the Hindoos. But we must first remark, that the author, in his introduction, gives the following character of the natives of Hindoostan. 'They are generally good natured, ingenious, and very industrious—charitable to the poor, and extremely dutiful to their parents, whom they on no account forsake or neglect, but support with the most pious and exemplary care.' Does not this seem good ground for the reception of the seed of the gospel? and if it does not flourish, when sown here, must not the fault be ascribed to the errors of the missionaries, rather than to the moral unfitness of the people?

The missionaries say, at least in this work, '*now first rendered into English from the original manuscript,*' that before they began to preach the word in India, they remained at Tranquebar a sufficient time to learn the language in common use, and to obtain a knowledge of the manners and opinions of the people. When they had thus qualified themselves for their great work, they set out with the heroic resolve of putting an end to the kingdom of Satan in the eastern peninsula.

Wherever the missionaries found two or three of the benighted Hindoos gathered together, they lost no time in endeavouring to dispel the darkness of their minds by the rays of evangelical light. But the beginning of their labours is not described as very auspicious, for the people whom they addressed, are said, after listening to them for some time, to have departed 'suddenly to their usual avocations, shaking their heads, and saying, that it might be all very true for what they knew, but that really they did not understand it.'

Sometimes the missionaries are said to have been interrupted during their harangues by the vociferations of a husband, who upbraided them for drawing away his wife from the duties of her household; and at others, they were annoyed by the brawling of the wife, who scolded them for detaining her spouse from his industrious occupations. The missionaries, however, were not to be deterred from the prosecution of their great object by such considerations. This volume tells us, that they often prayed for the power of working miracles, in order to add a more resistless cogency to their exhortations. But it seems, that they were not thought worthy of such gifts.

In the first conference, one of the Hindoos asks, among other things, what advantage they (the missionaries), pro-

posed to themselves by the vast pains which they took to make them change their faith. They replied, that their sole object was their good; that without believing what the missionaries inculcated, they would infallibly be eternally miserable.

'We also told them,' say the missionaries, 'that we required them to give us nothing in return, for that our heavenly Master paid us for our labour.

'Some among them said, that was indeed very kind of him, and that they wished he would also pay their Brahmans, who were a very great expence to them; and who never failed to exact the utmost of their dues, whether they were paid by another or not. On this, the first speaker again questioned us, asking if we had Brahmans in our own country, and if our god also paid them, without any expence to the people.

'We replied, that we had priests, or Brahmans as he called them, in our country, good men, who instructed the people, and guided them in the way of salvation, as we were desirous of guiding our heathen brethren; to whom we came for the purpose of imparting the words of eternal life: that these good priests were very numerous among us, and were maintained by the people whom they instructed, who set aside one-tenth part of the produce of the country for that purpose, by the express command of God himself.'

The Hindoos asked the missionaries if they could not escape 'the everlasting torments' of which they had been told, if they acted up to what they believed to be their duty in this world; that is, said they, 'if we pay due reverence to the Supreme God, and help to support his worship in the temples, give what we can spare to the poor, deal honestly and uprightly with all men, and cherish, honour, and support our parents? To this we replied, that the knowledge of good and evil came to men through the revealed Word of God alone; and that no act could be acceptable to him, which was not governed by this his revealed will; for admitting, that the act might appear to be morally good in itself, yet, inasmuch as it would be dictated by improper motives, it could not be acceptable to God. And where, said he, is this revealed will of God to be met with? We told him, in the doctrine of Jesus Christ, God's only son, who was crucified for us, and in whose blood the sins of the world were washed out, like the stains out of a garment: who is the fountain and spring of all that is good; and who will, if we know him thoroughly, and firmly believe in him as our Redeemer, rescue us from God's dreadful wrath; which must otherwise, without doubt, condemn us to everlasting pains and misery. But, said he, if this knowledge of God's will, as it was revealed to you, is so absolutely necessary as you say it is, to the salvation of mankind, would not God have taken

especial care that we should all of us have been instructed in it? And how can we help our ignorance! We replied, that they could have no excuse of that kind; for that we had come among them to distribute these glad tidings of salvation; to the end that they might, through them, attain everlasting life. Then every man, said he, who believes in this Jesus Christ you speak of, will assuredly be saved hereafter. We said, certainly every one who has a lively faith in Christ as his Redeemer, will have his sins forgiven him, as we had before stated.

‘But what, he replied, will become of those who never heard of this young God of yours? Now, for our parts, we never understood that the GREAT CREATOR was married, or that he ever had a SON! Alas! said we, you are bewildered in your own carnal imaginations, and therefore cannot comprehend these heavenly mysteries. Christ was not, at first, born after the ways of men, but existed with his father from all eternity. Many hundred years back, he came down upon the earth, and entered into the womb of a virgin, and was then born a man like any of us. He lived afterwards many years a most holy life, doing injury to no one; and then was killed by wicked men, according to his own preordination, through which the sins of the world were forgiven. After this, in company with the Holy Ghost, he went up into Heaven, to his Father, where he now is, and whence he will again come in glory to judge the world at the last day. Our Brahmans, said he, maintain, that God has existed, and will exist, from and to all eternity; but you seem to believe differently, as you say your God was killed. Now we cannot very well understand how this could be. We replied, that Christ was not killed in his divine nature, but merely in his earthly nature, in which he suffered all the pains of death, descended into Hell, and remained there three days, when he arose in all his glory, as perfect God and perfect man:—God, in the spirit and power of the Father, in whom he is, and who is in him; and man, inasmuch as he again assumed his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man’s nature, wherewith he ascended into Heaven, and there sitteth, until he return to judge all mankind at the last day. On this, he asked us, if we ourselves fully comprehended and believed all these things. We replied, that most certainly we did. Well, said he, you have indeed delivered hard doctrine, and what I cannot understand!—for how could your killing the only son of your God, and thereby, it would seem, adding to your guilt, make that God forgive you all your sins? To this we replied, that it might seem hard to him, but that so it was; and if he devoutly prayed to the Almighty, he would inspire him with faith, so that he would no longer doubt. That it was by faith in Christ only, that he could be saved; but that it was not in our power to give him that faith. To this he replied, I am no lover of contention, and am indeed altogether unfit to argue with you on these points,

which I confess I do not understand. We Malabarians think every man may be saved in his own religion, if he does what is good, and avoids what is evil; without perplexing his mind about the niceties you wise men enter into.'

According to the representation, or perhaps misrepresentation of the matter in this work, the missionaries do not appear to fare much better in the 'second conference' with the Brahmens, than they did in the first with the less learned part of the Hindoos. The Brahmens could not reconcile their minds to the account which the missionaries gave of the fall. One of the Brahmens said:

'Is it not most improbable and unreasonable, that our great Creator, who is omniscient as he is Almighty, should have formed us as we are, and have given us this world as a place of residence; and then immediately have cursed it and us! and for what?—why, because the first man and the first woman, then fresh from the hands of their maker, who had fashioned them as he thought good, and endued them with faculties and propensities according to his own wisdom—because they, so created, so fashioned, and so endued, in no part of which they themselves had any direction, but were such as they had been made—because they, in compliance with a desire which they did not implant within them, ate of a certain prohibited fruit, which God must have foreknown they would eat, when he first created them, and endued them with a desire for partaking of it? But then, after this, comes the most incomprehensible and contradictory part of all—for you say, that God, after having cursed all the world, which he had just made, on account of the eating of this fruit, would accept of no other atonement to appease his wrath, but the blood of his own and only Son, as if it were possible for that to afford any gratification to a parent.

'We here interrupted him,' say the missionaries, 'and conjured him, for the sake of his poor soul, not to speak in that blasphemous manner of God's holy and incomprehensible mysteries; for that the Devil was very busy in taking down an account of all that he had uttered, which would be brought forth in evidence against him at the great and terrible day of judgment.'

'One of the younger Brahmans made several objections,' say the missionaries, 'to our doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, as we had before explained it to them. We replied, that if they devoutly prayed to God, he would enlighten their understandings with his Holy Spirit, so that they would be able to comprehend and believe these heavenly mysteries. Well, replied he, if you pray to our god, he will enable you to understand and believe our mysteries also; which will be much better for you, than stigmatizing them in the indecent and blasphemous manner you have done, which is so very unbecoming the character of a truly

pious man, who ought to judge harshly of no persuasion, but look with an eye of charity on all.'

After producing the above specimens of this production, an important question now occurs. Does the *original* exist, which is said in the title to be now first rendered into English, and is asserted to be the production of Danish missionaries? We incline to the opinion, which we rest on the internal evidence, that there never was a Danish original of *these conferences*; and consequently think, that the conferences themselves never took place in the way described in this work. The work itself has less of the awkward gate of a translation than of the easy air of an original both in the sentiment and the diction. The dedication, at the same time, of the editor, to 'the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,' tends to confirm us in the opinion which the conferences themselves would alone have led us to form. Would any missionaries have placed their own arguments in such an unfavourable light, and have given the utmost cogency to those of their adversaries?

One of the recommendations of the editor to the society to which the work is dedicated, is, 'to have the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England carefully translated into the common languages of Hindoostan, and distributed among the people. These might (says he), perhaps, with profit to the cause, be accompanied by the Apostles, the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds, similarly translated; which, being short and intelligible, and containing most of what is essentially necessary to Christianity, would be easily learnt by heart, and rendered familiar to the understandings of the natives.'

The above extract speaks for itself, for if it were seriously designed, the author must have a very high opinion of the *understanding* of the Hindoos, if he suppose, that they can fathom those profound obscurities of doctrine, which the most learned persons in Europe have attempted in vain.

Supposing, as we do, this work to be a fiction, we ask, is it justifiable? We think not; nor is this the first time in which we have expressed our disapprobation of every species of literary forgery. If the author had published the work as an avowed fiction, though we might have blamed him for not rebutting the objections of the Hindoos with stronger arguments, we could not have accused him of an attempt to impose upon the credulity of the public. This can never be right, as long as there is any difference between right and wrong.

Soon after we had written the above, and were about to send it to the press, we accidentally met with a book, which has the following title :

'Thirty-Four Conferences between the Danish Missionaries and the Malabarian Bramans, or Heathen priests, in the East Indies, concerning the truth of the Christian Religion ; together with some Letters written by the Heathens to the said Missionaries. Translated out of the High Dutch by Mr. Philipps. London : Printed for H. Clements, &c. 1719, 8vo.'

On comparing the work which we have just mentioned, with that which forms the subject of this article, we find, that one is in some measure imitated from the other. The assertion, therefore, in the title of the work which is under our review, that it is '*now first rendered into English from the original manuscript,*' is a deviation from truth, which is not very creditable to the author. In the 'Thirty-Four Conferences,' which furnished the ground-work of this performance, the missionaries do not make such a pitiful appearance, nor defend their cause by arguments quite so impotent and unsatisfactory as they do in the book which is the subject of the present article. Indeed the latter appears to be evidently written to attack Christianity itself, through the absurdity or ignorance of the missionaries.

We have not room to produce all the passages which might be extracted from the 'Thirty-Four Conferences,' to prove, that it gave rise to the conferences in the present volume. But the following brief specimen may suffice, in which there are proofs not merely of resemblance, but of identity.

In the beginning of the preface to the 'Thirty-Four Conferences,' we find the following sentence. 'The inhabitants (meaning of Hindoostan), are generally good-natured, ingenious, and very industrious; charitable to the poor, but extremely superstitious in the worship of the Pagods.' In the work before us, we find the following in the second sentence of the introduction, part of which we have quoted above, but will repeat here, that the reader may the more easily compare the two. '*They are generally good-natured, ingenious, and very industrious; charitable to the poor, and extremely dutiful to their parents, whom they on no account forsake or neglect, but support with exemplary care.*' Here we find, that the author of the spurious conferences has copied part of the above word for word from the passage first quoted; but has heightened the picture, and given a still brighter hue to the moral features of the Hindoos.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of William Smellie, F. R. S. and F. A. S. late Printer, of Edinburgh, Secretary and Superintendent of Natural History to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, &c. By Robert Kerr, F. R. S. and F. A. S. London, Longman, 1811, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 7s.*

THIS is a desultory, but entertaining work, from the literary varieties which it exhibits, and the miscellaneous particulars which it contains, relative not only to Smellie, but to the authors with whom he was in habits of intimacy or correspondence. The life of Mr. Smellie, strictly considered, occupies no very large part of these volumes; but it serves as a centre of union for a diversity of extraneous information, which Mr. Kerr has collected with a very laudable industry, but put together without much method or discrimination. This mode of writing lives, by making some particular individual of no extraordinary celebrity or interest, a nucleus, on which to accumulate a mass of matter relative to his friends and acquaintance, or to the times in which he lived, has been sanctioned by some respectable names; but we are of opinion, that it is a practice more honoured in the breach than in the observance. For we thus lose the object of the biography amidst a multiplicity of extrinsic details. The biographer himself professes one thing and performs another. In many instances, he does any thing but write the life of the person whose name is prefixed to the book. This may be one way of writing a detached portion of literary history, but might not a better be found?

We shall now request our readers to ramble with us through this devious work, whilst we endeavour to pick up for them some amusing or instructive particulars by the way. William Smellie, the precise date of whose birth is unknown, but which is supposed to have taken place in 1740, was the youngest son of Alexander Smellie, a master-builder and stone-mason, of Edinburgh. His father was of the sect of the Cameronians, who adhered to the solemn league and covenant, under the trying circumstances of that persecution, which was so long practised in Scotland after the restoration.

William Smellie, though destined for a mechanical employment, had the benefit of a classical education. In 1752, he was bound apprentice to Messrs. Hamilton, Balfour, and Neil, printers, in Edinburgh. He appears to

have exerted no common diligence, and to have attained to no common accuracy in this vocation; and any work in which more than usual correctness was required, was entrusted to his care. Two years before the expiration of his apprenticeship, his masters appointed him corrector of their press; and made him a voluntary allowance of ten shillings a week, which was no small sum at Edinburgh at that time, and whilst it showed the liberality of Mr. Smellie's employers, evinced their sense of his services. When the Edinburgh Philosophical Society (not the University of Edinburgh, as Harwood and Dibdin relate), offered a silver medal for the most correct edition of a Latin Classic, Mr. Smellie obtained the prize for his masters, Messrs. Hamilton, Balfour, and Neil, by producing an *immaculate* edition of Terence: the whole of which he set up and corrected himself. This edition is certainly a singularly beautiful specimen of typography.

From the end of September, 1759, till the end of March, 1765, Mr. Smellie was employed in the printing office of Messrs. Murray and Cochrane, and was entrusted with the conduct of the Scots Magazine. During his apprenticeship, he had, either from previous stipulation or gratuitous indulgence, been allowed three hours a day for the acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of his mind. He turned this privilege to advantage by a diligent attendance on the different lectures in the university, and by making himself acquainted with the different branches of science and general literature.

Mr. Smellie appears, for some time, to have hesitated whether he should not relinquish his employment as a printer, and devote himself to the professions either of theology or medicine; for either of which, and particularly the latter, he appears to have been, by no means, inadequately qualified. In 1765, he obtained the gold medal, which was given by Dr. Hope, the professor of botany, for the best botanical dissertation. In a letter which is inserted in p. 96, 97, of the first volume of this work, from Dr. W. Wright, to Alexander Kincaid Tate, it is mentioned, on the authority of Dr. Gilbert Stuart, the angry opponent of Robertson, the historian, that the far-famed Domestic Medicine of Dr. Buchan was written by Mr. Smellie. This, however, is probably an exaggeration of the fact; for the assistance which Mr. Smellie rendered to Dr. Buchan in the composition of the Domestic Medicine, seems to have been confined to the correction of the MSS. 'Had it,' says Mr. Kerr, 'appeared before the world in

its original prolixity, the sale must have been small indeed.

In 1763, Mr. Smellie, when about twenty-three years of age, married a Miss Jane Robertson, daughter of Mr. John Robertson, an eminent army agent, who had acquired a large fortune, which he afterwards dissipated by his prodigality, and left his family in indigence at his death. Mr. Smellie had thirteen children by this marriage, of whom four sons and four daughters survived him at his death in 1795. He is said to have been a kind and indulgent father, and seldom to have exercised any severity towards his children, except when they deviated from truth. He very wisely considered an habitual reverence for truth the great trunk by which moral character is supported, and from which the noblest virtues spring.

In March, 1765, Mr. Smellie commenced business as a master printer in Edinburgh, first in partnership with Mr. William Auld, and afterwards, in 1766, Mr. John Balfour was admitted into the concern. This partnership was dissolved in 1771, owing to some dissensions among the principals. Mr. Smellie was in the first instance principally enabled to complete the arrangements necessary for this undertaking by the pecuniary aid of two friends, Dr. John Hope, professor of botany, and Dr. James Robertson, late professor of oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Smellie's acquaintance with Lord Kames appears to have commenced about the time of the publication of his *lordship's Elements of Criticism*.

'During his intimacy,' says Mr. Kerr, 'with Lord Kames, Mr. Smellie went one summer evening to sup with his lordship; and the company was soon afterwards joined by the late Dr. John Warden M'Farlane, the worthy, respectable, and highly useful minister of the Canongate, one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, and by Dr. David Hume, the celebrated philosopher and historian. The conversation went on for some time very agreeably; till Dr. Warden happened to mention, that he had read a sermon just published by one Edwards, under the strange title of the *Usefulness of Sin*. Mr. Hume repeated the words, *Usefulness of Sin!* "I suppose," said he, "Mr. Edwards has adopted the system of Leibnitz, 'that all is for the best.' To this he added, with a peculiar keenness of eye, and forcible manner of expression which was usual with him: "But what the devil does the fellow make of hell and damnation?" Dr. Warden immediately took his hat and left the room; and, though followed by Lord Kames, who anxiously pressed him to return, he positively refused to rejoin the company.

* Lord Kames, it is well known, paid great and successful application to the improvement of agriculture. A great number of years ago, a German quack, who called himself Baron Von Haak, vaunted of having discovered a powerfully fertilizing manure, which he advertised for sale, pretending that a very small quantity sufficed to fertilize an acre of land in a very extraordinary manner. Happening to converse with one of his neighbours on this subject, a plain sagacious farmer; the farmer observed to Lord Kames, that he had no faith in the baron's nostrum, as he conceived the proposed quantity was vastly too small to be of any use. "My good friend," said Lord Kames, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the manure of an acre of land to the field in our coat pocket."—"Very possibly," replied the farmer; "but, in that case, I suspect you will be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

The first edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which, in its subsequent stages of extension and improvement, has been a source of so much profit to the proprietors, began to be published in numbers at Edinburgh in 1771. Of this first edition, the whole compilation and management appear to have been committed to Mr. Smellie, who executed the laborious task for the small sum of £200. This primary edition of the *Encyclopedia* was published in three volumes in quarto. When a second edition of this useful work was in contemplation, Mr. Bell, one of the proprietors, applied to Mr. Smellie to superintend the performance. This offer Mr. Smellie unfortunately declined, as it is said, from his unwillingness to introduce a system of General Biography into a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

* At the death of Mr. Macfarquhar, printer, in April, 1793, the whole work became the property of Mr. Bell. It is well known, that Mr. Macfarquhar left a handsome fortune to his family, all or mostly derived from the profits of the *Encyclopedia*; and that Mr. Bell died in great affluence, besides possessing the entire property of that vast work, which still belongs to his executors; every shilling of which may be fairly stated as having grown from the labours of Mr. Smellie in the original fabrication of the work, which is confessedly superior; and all of which he and his family might have shared in equally with Mr. Bell and the other proprietor, if he had not been too fastidious in his notions, and perhaps too timid in his views of the risk which might have been incurred in the mercantile part of the speculation.

* Of the original edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, already mentioned as the entire work of Mr. Smellie, we do not

know its exact number of copies. The second edition, which consisted of 1500, began to be published in 1776, and extended to ten volumes, in quarto. A third edition, in eighteen volumes, was commenced in 1786, and extended to 10,000 copies. By this edition, the two proprietors, Mr. Bell and Mr. Macfarquhar, are said to have cleared a net profit of £42,000, besides being each paid for their respective work in the conduct of the publication as tradesmen; Mr. Bell as engraver of all the plates, and Mr. Macfarquhar as sole printer. Even the warehouseman and the corrector of the press are reported to have made a considerable profit from the copies for which they procured subscriptions. The fourth edition of this work, just finished, extended to twenty quarto volumes, and 3,500 copies; and a fifth edition is now at press, to consist from the first of 2000 copies, besides the possibility of extended sales calling for reprints.

In the year 1773, Mr. Smellie united with Dr. Gilbert Stuart in publishing a periodical work, entitled the '*Edinburgh Magazine and Review*,' which was conducted with much ability and spirit; but with a degree of acrimony and bitterness which proved injurious to its success. This publication was not extended beyond five octavo volumes, and terminated its existence in August, 1776. The failure of the work is principally ascribed to the violence and indiscretion of Gilbert Stuart, of whom these memoirs furnish several characteristic particulars. We shall select a few of these for the entertainment of our readers. The following is a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Stuart was wont to indulge his spleen, and of the occasional paroxysms of rage to which he was subject. When these had subsided, he appears to have been gentle and good-humoured.

'During the subsistence of the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, Dr. Gilbert Stuart wrote a very severe attack on the *Elements of Criticism* by Lord Kames, which he transmitted to Mr. Smellie for insertion in the review. But, in this instance, Mr. Smellie successfully counteracted the intentions of his colleague, by altering the whole into a totally opposite tendency, converting the far greater part from harsh invective into reasonable and merited panegyric, in which guise the review was actually printed. On the day of publication, Dr. Stuart came to inquire at the printing-office "if the ——— was damned;" using a gross term which he usually indulged in when he had censured an author. Mr. Smellie told him what he had done; and put a copy of the altered review into his hands. After reading the two or three introductory sentences, he fell down on the floor, apparently in a fit; but on coming to himself again, he good-naturedly said, "William, after all, I believe you have done right."

Dr. Stuart had an unfortunate propensity to dissipate his disappointment and his chagrin in the fumes of intoxication, particularly those which were exhaled from the rich fluid of strong beer, as we believe could be testified by the Burton ale-house in Gray's-Inn-lane.

'In the course of one of his rambles,' says Mr. Kerr, 'during the publication of the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, Dr. Stuart came one evening to the house of Mr. Smellie in a state of complete intoxication, and was immediately put to bed. Awakening in the course of the night, he conceived himself in a brothel, and alarmed the family by repeatedly vociferating *house! house!* Mr. Smellie came as soon as possible to the bedside of his friend, to learn what he wanted, and endeavoured to persuade him to go quietly again to sleep. On seeing Mr. Smellie almost naked, and still impressed with the idea of being in a house of bad fame, he addressed Mr. Smellie with great emphasis in nearly the following words: "*Smellie! I never expected to find you in such a house. Get on your clothes, and return immediately to your wife and family; and be assured I shall never mention this affair to any one.*"

'On another ramble of dissipation, Dr. Stuart is said to have taken several days to travel on foot between the Cross of Edinburgh and Musselburgh, a distance of only six miles; stopping at every public-house by the way in which good ale could be found, of which he was remarkably fond. In this strange expedition, he was accompanied part of the way by several boozing companions, who were fascinated beyond their ordinary excesses by his great powers of wit and hilarity in conversation; but who gradually fell off at various stages of the slow progression. The last of these companions began his return towards Edinburgh from the Magdalan Bridge, within a mile of Musselburgh; but oppressed by the fumes of the ale, which he had too long and liberally indulged in, he staggered in the middle of the night into the ash-pit of a great steam engine which then stood by the road-side, and fell into a profound asleep. On awakening before day, he observed the mouth of an immense fiery furnace open, several figures all grim with soot and ashes, were stirring the fire, ranging the bars of the enormous grate, and throwing on more fuel, while the terrible clanking of the chains and beams of the machinery above, impressed his still confused imagination with an idea that he was in *hell*. Horror-struck at the frightful idea, he is said to have exclaimed, "*Good God! is it come to this at last!*"

In making his translation of Buffon's *History of Quadrupeds*, Mr. Smellie is said to have pursued the following method, which deserves to be mentioned for its singularity.

'Instead of rendering the work literally, paragraph by para-

graph, and sentence by sentence, he deliberately read over six or eight pages of the original, making himself perfectly master of the author's ideas, and then wrote the whole down in English in his own words and arrangement.'

This appears the best way to produce a natural, lively, and animated transfusion of the sense of any book, written in a foreign, into our vernacular tongue. Mr. Smellie had acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language by his own meritorious diligence, without any extrinsic aid. He was quite unacquainted with the pronunciation of the French. A friend of Buffon's, who visited Scotland, is said to have been much surprised at this circumstance, and to have noticed it in his *memoranda*.

At p. 186-7, of the second volume, Mr. Kerr relates a whimsical contract into which Mr. Smellie entered with his friend, Mr. Greenlaw, a Scotch clergyman, in which it was stipulated, that whichever of the parties should die first, should, after his death, if it were possible, pay a visit to the other, and give him some account of his situation in another world. This agreement was formally sealed, and, in order to be rendered, we suppose, more binding, was signed with the blood of the parties to the deed. Mr. Greenlaw died first, and when nearly a year had elapsed since his decease, Mr. Smellie became very anxious for the promised apparition of his friend. His solicitude kept him awake for several nights, without the wished-for gratification of his curiosity; till falling fast asleep one evening in his arm-chair, he saw a vision of his friend in the white costume of a ghost; who told Mr. Smellie, that he was in a much happier state of existence, but not in such a state of perfect enjoyment as not to look forward with hope to some still more improved scene of being and higher degree of bliss. When this absurd contract and supposed apparition were mentioned to Lord Monboddo, his lordship remarked, 'that there could not be the smallest reasonable doubt or hesitation in believing that Greenlaw *did actually appear!*'

In the year 1792 or 1793, Mr. Smellie is said to have been solicited to compose an antidote to the political poison which was supposed to be disseminated in the writings of Thomas Paine. But he was prevented from undertaking this task by the number of his other engagements. Mr. Smellie does not appear in the least to have doubted his capacity to crush this sturdy champion of representative government. For, he said, 'that if it had not been for his indispensable engagements, he flattered himself he could

have given PAINE as sound a whipping as ever Dr. Gilbert Stuart gave to any poor devil of an author in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*. How great is the fascination of literary conceit! and how little do authors know how to estimate their own powers or to appretiate the peculiar direction of their faculties. Mr. Smellie was certainly not deficient in sagacity and good sense; but his powers were of a different cast from those of Paine, nor was he equal to enter the lists with him in political controversy.

Mr. Smellie, if we may judge from some specimens in this work, was a man of plain and blunt manners, but rather more coarse than harmonize with our ideas of that amenity of behaviour which constitutes one of the blessings of civilized over savage life, and is, at the same time, one of the characteristics of a benevolent disposition.

Mr. Smellie had once been taking a tête-à-tête dinner at a tavern with a rather eccentric, but worthy gentleman, of the name of Edgar, who had conceived the absurd project of turning the history of England into verse. Mr. Edgar had been for some time talking, as he thought, to the amusement of Mr. Smellie, when the latter 'addressed him nearly as follows. "Dear John, let us go and see if the mistress has any tea; for, to tell you the truth, I am most sincerely tired of you and your stories."

Mr. Smellie was a member of a convivial club which used to meet at a tavern in Edinburgh, which consisted of a considerable number of literary gentlemen. On one occasion, a baronet of large landed property was introduced, who was supposed to be sufficiently conscious of his own importance. As soon as the baronet had taken his seat at the festive board, Mr. Smellie

'addressed him in the following strain: "I am told, Sir Thomas, that you have an estate of eight or ten thousand a year."—"I dare say it may be thereabout," replied the baronet.—"After all," observed Mr. Smellie, "I hope you will readily allow, that you may possibly be a great blockhead, notwithstanding all your wealth."

In this, there was rudeness without point, and vulgarity without wit. The self-importance of the baronet, whoever he was, might have been humbled in a much more efficacious manner, by remarks and language less unbecoming the manners of a gentleman. But Mr. William Smellie, though he was pitched upon to defend the interests of polished society against the rude shock which they had received from the pen of Mr. Paine, did not himself possess the manners nor the feelings of a gentleman. The following will exemplify how much he was deficient in both.

'On the first introduction' (to the club above mentioned), 'of a gentleman of peculiarly polite manners, who happened to sit at table directly opposite to a dish of salmon, he addressed Mr. Smellie with ceremonious politeness. "Pray, Sir, would you choose to eat a bit of salmon?" Mr. Smellie immediately answered, as if much offended by his question; "What is it to you, Sir, whether I choose to eat salmon or not?"'

We do not believe, that the most unmannerly *Sans-culotte* of true Jacobin extraction would, in the same circumstances, have been guilty of such a breach of the common decencies of good breeding.

In 1790, Mr. Smellie published the first volume of his best work, 'The Philosophy of Natural History.' The second volume did not make its appearance till four years after his death. But the MSS. is said to have been prepared for the press before his decease. We have no fault to find except with the title of the work, which gives only a vague and indefinite idea of the subject. This word philosophy indeed is often so loosely applied, that it is difficult to know how to fix its signification. We have books entitled 'The Philosophy of Rhetoric,' 'The Philosophy of the Human Mind,' 'The Philosophy of Chemistry,' &c. and we might with as much justness write a work 'On the Philosophy of a Broomstick.'

Mr. Smellie was paid one thousand guineas for the copy-right of the first volume of his Philosophy of Natural History, by the liberality of Mr. Charles Elliot, a bookseller in Edinburgh. This act deserves to be recorded, because it appears to have been the largest sum, which, till that time, had ever been paid in the Scotch capital for any literary performance of the same size.

In 1787, Mr. Smellie printed the poems of Burns, who came to Edinburgh on the occasion. The printer thus became acquainted with the poet, and as they were both men of much openness of mind and fondness for pleasantries, their first acquaintance was soon cemented into a confidential intimacy, which subsisted during their lives. The following characteristic trait respecting Burns was communicated by one of Mr. Smellie's sons. We cannot refrain from giving it a place in our journal.

'I perfectly remember the first appearance of Burns in my father's printing house in 1787, at the time his poems were printing. He was dressed much in the style of a plain countryman, and walked three or four times from end to end of the composing room, cracking a long hunting whip which he held in his hand to the no small annoyance of the compositors and press-men; and, although the manuscript of his poems was then lying before every compositor in the house, he never once

looked at what they were doing, nor asked a single question. He frequently repeated the odd practice during the course of printing his work, and always in the same strange and inattentive manner, to the great astonishment of the men, who were not accustomed to such whimsical behaviour.

Mr. Alexander Smellie says, that the manner of Burns on the above occasion always impressed him with an idea that his behaviour proceeded from affectation.

Mr. Smellie's death on the 24th of June, 1795, was preceded by a long and painful illness, which he endured with becoming cheerfulness and fortitude. His life was terminated at the age of fifty-five years. When we consider the disadvantages under which Mr. Smellie laboured in early life, the narrowness of his circumstances, his large family, and his scanty means, the varied difficulties which he had to overcome, and which he overcame by his unremitting industry and zeal, the copious stock of knowledge which he had acquired, and the degree to which he had cultivated his mind, with the useful and agreeable information which he contributed to disseminate, he appears to be one of the men who are not very numerous in the world, of whom it may truly be said, that they did not live in vain. If he never attained any high state of intellectual pre-eminence, his mental mediocrity was of that species which, being employed in the propagation of truths of general interest, lays the foundation of a solid, but not a brilliant reputation.

ART. IX.—*The Decision, a Novel. By the Author of Caroline Ormsby, or the real Lucilla; The Acceptance, &c. &c. 3 vols. London, Colburn, 1811.*

BEFORE we proceed to give our fair readers an account of this performance, with a title of such significant import, we beg leave to inform them that "*The Decision*" is very far preferable to the novel called *The Acceptance*; and this we say in the charity of our hearts; so that if the *Decision* is written by a lady, we hope by this early declaration we shall prevent all palpitations of the heart, flushings of the face, paleness of the cheeks, gasping of the breath, trembling of the frame, dimness of the eyes, &c. &c. with all the melancholy train of nervous sensations.

The father of the heroine of this novel is a Mr. Arundel, who had been brought up by an uncle, and indulged in every thing his youthful fancy could desire, except that he

expected that his nephew, Mr. Arundel, would marry according to his wishes. This request of his uncle could not be complied with, as he had already clandestinely married a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the daughter of a country curate. This circumstance comes to the ear of his uncle, who condemns him for a romantic fool, and bids him 'go, and realize romantic scenes of felicity with all that is lovely in woman; if I again relapse (he adds), you shall be sent for.' Arundel is shortly after summoned to his uncle, whom he finds in a very dangerous state of health. In wandering through the rooms of his uncle's house he by chance enters his private closet, where he sees a paper, which is left apparently in an unfinished state, and which, on a slight inspection, proves to be the rough copy of his will; in which he bequeathes his property to a distant relation and his heirs for ever, and leaves his nephew in poverty, debt and disgrace, with a wife and child to support. In the first impulse of disappointment, and seeing nothing before him but a prison, he rashly throws the paper into the fire. This act is no sooner done than he repents of his hastiness of temper; and to his friend Beverly he gives the following account.

'Aroused from this temporary derangement of mind, I would have given worlds to have recalled the deed: I felt appalled at the possibility of my uncle's recovery, convinced it would bring on a more indelible disgrace, should suspicion point at me as the perpetrator of this unworthy action. The horror of such a moment was, however, surpassed; I was then comparatively innocent. My brain on fire, I attempted to drown recollection by the aid of wine: I sat after my solitary supper, and drank bumper after bumper, till reason seemed shaken from its centre, though without much appearance of inebriety. The clock struck the twelfth hour: I dreaded the solitude of my own apartment, and I entered that of my uncle's, where I had watched the preceding night. The nurse seemed heavy to sleep, and I promised to give every necessary attention while she refreshed her spirits with a little slumber. A death-like stillness now succeeded: the wine I had drunk affected my agitated spirits, and the chaos, the phrenzy of my ideas were uncontrollable. Two vials stood on the table; the one was my uncle's usual medicine, the other a powerful composition of hemlock, a few drops only to be administered when occasion required. The paroxysm of insanity! Dare I offer that as an excuse? I wilfully mistook the vials, and with a trembling hand, but exulting countenance, gave to the parched lips of the nearly insensible being a sufficient quantity to have steeped his senses in forgetfulness for ever.'

The moment the deed was done, Arundel's crime stared him in the face with all the horrors which a guilty mind could conjure up. He gazes with speechless agony on his uncle. The most bitter remorse seizes him; the attendants attribute the exchange of the vials to mistake; medical assistance is immediately procured, and proper medicines administered to counteract the effects of the poison, but without success. In a fortnight after this dreadful deed his uncle dies; and as no will is to be found Arundel takes possession of his fortune, with a conscience disturbing his peace and blasting every good he possesses. When surrounded by gaiety, domestic comforts, and every terrestrial prosperity, the image of his uncle, which haunts his disturbed mind, renders him a prey to the keenest anguish and the most piercing grief. He tries to lose the remembrance of his guilt in the haunts of dissipation and vice; but from this way of life he is recalled to the path of virtue by his amiable and inestimable wife.—Though leading in the eyes of the world what is called a moral life, and though he does all the good he can, though he relieves the indigent and feels for the distressed, he carries with him a loathed life, the consequence of his precipitate guilt.—At length he is seized with a violent and dangerous illness; and, in the moments of delirium, disclosed to his wife the dreadful tale that laid so heavy on his heart. On his restoration to health he grows irritable, gloomy and capricious, enjoying neither company nor solitude. His wife, who is represented as an angel of patient suffering, soon sinks under accumulated sorrows, for she sees the object of her tenderest love and solicitude the victim of guilt and passion.

This amiable woman dies soon after of a decline. The account which is given of her death and the letter which she leaves for her husband, is a very interesting part of this little novel. After reading this affecting paper, Arundel continues to give an account to his friend Beverly of his feelings in the following manner.

“Can you believe, Beverly, that I read the above paper with composure? Nature was too highly wrought, and seemed to disdain the relief of tears or lamentations. I mechanically sought the chamber of my deceased wife, and when contemplating her placid and angelic countenance, my heart felt as if a sudden bolt of ice had passed through it. Conscience whispered that my unworthy conduct might have shortened the days of her existence.

“If there be a God in heaven,” at length I ejaculated, “and

mercy—"mercy!" broke from my fevered lips; tears chasing each other down a cheek, which since the years of childhood had never felt their dew.

'Towards the evening I was prevailed upon to see my child, who was gone to bed, restless and ill, from having wept incessantly the whole of the day: she seized my hand the moment I approached, and devoured it with kisses: I bent over her in silence, and pressing the velvet lip of infancy, endeavoured to say something consolatory: she answered in a strain beyond her years. She assured me that her mamma was an angel in heaven, that all good people would go to her, but hoped that she herself might be permitted to live to comfort me, though she should never feel happy without her mamma.

'I folded the innocent creature in my arms, and soothed her into a forgetfulness of her grief, then laying her gently on the pillow, I rested my head also upon it: and, God of heaven! with all the weight of guilt and misery on my mind, I myself fell into a quiet slumber. Exhausted nature being somewhat renovated, I retired about midnight to my own apartment: I had revived only to feel more acutely my wretched situation: every thing reminded me of Isabella; the glass which had so often reflected her image I shrunk from in terror: some appendages of her dress again phrenzied my bewildered brain: remembrances which might have soothed an innocent mind filled me with horror and despair.

"My murdered wife!" I frantically exclaimed: too well I knew the struggles she must have endured from the suspicion of my guilty conduct.

"Waste not your hours in frantic despair, but remember that the humble suppliant for mercy at the tribunal of heaven can soften even the rigor of justice." So said the angel I have lost. Here, Beverly, I fell upon my knees, and endeavoured to call on God for the promised blessing: the words died upon my lips, and I arose in speechless agony. I paced the room the whole of the remaining night, a prey to the violence of despair; to the contending emotions of horror and remorse. I followed the remains of Isabella to her peaceful grave; I performed all her wishes in their fullest extent; I wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and offered them an establishment in my house. In a few weeks all was properly arranged, and the dimpled smile of cheerfulness transiently visited the countenance of my child.

'I took Isabella to receive her grandfather's last blessing, for he died soon afterwards, and died as he had lived—a christian.

'Time passed on, but the world was to me a desolated blank. I, an usurper of another's rights, a being marked for wretchedness, by the atrocity of guilt, all my abstraction of mind was

attributed to the loss I had sustained, and with the benignity of a christian your letters would have soothed me to resignation and to peace. Be it here remembered, Beverly, that the revolution my mind had experienced during my own illness still retained its impression, and the christian fortitude which Isabella had evinced, in every trial which could reach the heart of a woman, contributed to weaken the stability of my principles, and to the belief that religion was no illusive chimera: still my mind was without a proper ballast, and past events, and past afflictions, often weighed down the balance of despair.

When my child had nearly attained her fifteenth year, Mr. Watson was induced by his father's persuasions to leave this country for America. It were here irrelevant to detail the various feelings such an arrangement gave rise to; but my justly esteemed guests soon bade us adieu, to my inexpressible regret, and to Isabella's heart-felt sorrow. She appeared now the living image of her mother, and frequently when she would have beguiled me from myself, I have suddenly left her a prey to the misery which consumed me. Never was a father more blest than in the duteous attentions of such a daughter: she became my friend, my solace, and my companion; and I devoted as much time as possible to her literary improvements: she had been taught her duty to God, her neighbour, and herself; she had been instructed in every useful and ornamental branch of female education, and nature had bestowed so fair a form, intellects so clear and comprehensive, that parental pride might have been amply gratified, but for the dark cloud which encompassed my wretched mind. Every artless account which Isabella narrated of the relief my liberality to her procured for the indigent or distressed; every eulogium she passed on the generosity of my nature, sharpened the sting of self-reproach, and the unjust possession of riches daily increased the torment of my guilty conscience. "Shall the sins of the father be visited on the child." This did not accord with the opinions I had formerly encouraged, but I began to wish that the hour of restitution could prove the hour of genuine and heart-felt repentance. Still an honourable restitution appeared impracticable. What! confess those guilty actions which would stamp indelible disgrace on my name, and reduce my child to beggary? Impossible! she never could support the ignominy of her parent. Another year passed on. Isabella's attachment to me seemed, if possible, daily to increase, and her affecting arguments for resignation to heaven have more than once drawn tears from my eyes, and tinged my cheek with shame; for she yet attributed the gloomy abstraction of my mind to the loss of her mother. My solitary rambles, and sometimes whole days of absence, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather or bodily fatigue, excited in her mind the most fearful apprehensions that my

health would eventually suffer, and the cheering welcome I ever received on my return, made me a thousand times resolve to be more guided by Isabella's anxiety.'

We give the above extract as a specimen of the horror of a mind that cannot reconcile itself to its guilt in spite of all the sophistry which Arundel could muster up for his support. This character, as many others of the like kind in the world, verifies the old but inestimable proverb, that "*honesty is the best policy*."—Arundel attends to the voice of restitution; and as he knew the wishes of his uncle in the fatal paper which he had destroyed, he makes a will in favor of the distant relation to whom he had bequeathed his property. Not contented with this, he embarks for the West Indies, where he finds the heir to his uncle's property, and forms the wish of uniting him to his daughter.—This politic measure was what he particularly desired to accomplish; for unless his daughter married this distant cousin she would be left without fortune, when her father had returned the estates of his uncle to the rightful heir. This heir is named Horatio Arundel; he possesses a handsome person, cultivated mind, and pleasant manners.

Mr. Arundel, on his return from the West Indies with this young man, soon declines in health; and, in his last moments, draws an unwilling promise from his daughter that she will become the wife of Horatio Arundel. By this marriage he hopes to quiet his wounded conscience; he dies; and his will is opened, which leaves his only child a beggar.

Isabella accompanies Mr. Beverly, her father's particular friend, to his house; and after a proper time the day is fixed for her marriage with Horatio Arundel. She is accompanied to church by Mr. Beverly and his daughters, but the ceremony is stopped by a voice forbidding the performance.—An explanation takes place; when it is proved that Horatio had been married to the lady who interrupts the ceremony.—Horatio flies the country, and some time after Isabella marries Mr. Beverly's son.

This is a slight sketch of this interesting work.—The moral is good, the language is good, and the plot is good. The workings of remorse and the bitter moments which Arundel experiences after the perpetration of crime, with his death-bed scene, are extremely well painted. The tenderness of the daughter, and the benevolence of Mr. Beverly, his friend, are pleasingly and feelingly portrayed. The character of Mrs. Beverly is, we fear, an

every day one; but her punishment and repentance are very naturally brought about. There is also an under-plot; and the story of Mr. Franklin is very well told and very well managed throughout.—On the whole, we think that “*The Decision*” is an interesting performance; and we hope that, as this is so much better than “*The Acceptance*,” we shall have some other opportunity of meeting our entertaining friend again.

ART. X.—*Political and historical Arguments, proving the Necessity of a parliamentary Reform, and pointing out the Means of effecting that important Measure without injuring Individuals, or convulsing the Nation. To which is prefixed a candid View of the present State of national Affairs. Addressed to the Electors of the United Kingdoms. By Walter Honywood Yate, Esq. late Member of St. John's College, Oxford; one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace, and deputy Lieutenants for the County of Gloucester, &c. &c. London, Jones, 1812. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s.*

ZEAL is good in a good cause; and the question of parliamentary reform is one of such magnitude and importance, that it cannot well be contemplated with apathy or indifference either by its friends or its foes. Its friends think that it would be the cure and the only efficacious cure of all our political ills, whilst its enemies, and many of them with equally good intentions, suppose that it would produce more ills than it would cure. Mr. Honywood Yate, who lays claim to the authorship of the present work, is not only one of the friends to parliamentary reform, but one of the most fervid advocates for that measure. We give Mr. Honywood Yate full and entire credit for the sincerity of his zeal on this occasion, nor do we expect zeal like his, apparently impetuous and impassioned, to be kept within the bounds of moderation. Moderation is a term which some reformers think it right to erase from the vocabulary of wisdom and of usefulness; but if moderation be that course of politics, which is equally distant from extremes, and deviates from the straight path of rectitude, neither to licentiousness on the one side, nor to servitude on the other, it appears to be not only most useful and most wise, but what the public good most imperiously requires.

Mr. Honywood Yate commences the first volume of this
CRIT. REV. Vol. 1, March, 1812.

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work with a 'Letter prefatory to Walter Honynwood, Esq. M. P.' which is followed by a 'Dedication, by permission, to Sir Francis Burdett, baronet, M. P. ;' and the second volume opens with another dedication 'to Sir W. Berkeley Guise, baronet, M. P. for the county of Gloucester, and to his independent constituents.' Hence we conjecture that Mr. Honynwood Yate is not only fond of a dedication, but is not a little happy in this opportunity of recommending the merit of his *authorship* to the notice of his friends. If Mr. Honynwood Yate had solicited the approbation of his friends to this work, copied out in a fair and legible hand, such as every justice of the peace ought to write, and had not committed it to the press from which it was to issue into the world, to excite vigilant scrutiny and challenge public applause, he might have gratified his vanity with the dulcet notes of unsparing pænegyric without the fear of detection, or the unpleasant apprehension of incurring the charge of plagiarism. Mr. Honynwood Yate, if he had pursued this more silent and unostentatious course, might, for aught we know to the contrary, have passed amongst his friends in Gloucestershire, at least amongst those who never read any other book but the Bible on a Sunday, and the newspaper on all the other days of the week, for a writer of consummate originality of thought and depth of research, perhaps for the author of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. But, when Mr. Honynwood steps forward with the barefaced plagiarism of another man's writings, to encounter the whole literary public with a myriad of eyes, he must not expect to escape without animadversion, nor to receive the boon of praise for writings which are not his own. As Mr. Honynwood Yate is no doubt an adept in Horace, whom he has at his fingers ends, he should have remembered that

* * * moveat cornicula risum

Furtivis nudata coloribus.'

And as the same Mr. Honynwood Yate is one of his majesty's justices of the peace and deputy lieutenants for the county of Gloucester, he is no doubt well read in the statutes at large, and he should therefore not have forgotten that literary property is not less under the protection of the law than property of any other description; and that it is as strictly forbidden to pirate another man's book, as it is to poach without licence or permission in another man's woods. Mr. Honynwood Yate, who is in the habit of administering oaths, is no doubt well read in the De-

calogue, and he therefore must some time or other have observed, that there is in that old fashioned work, a certain saying to the following purport: 'Thou shalt not steal.' Though Moses was not much acquainted with the property of authorship, he must be interpreted by modern commentators to include in this wise law, a prohibition against appropriation to yourself of the literary labours of another, as well as against pocket-picking or highway robbing. The reader will perhaps by this time be a little curious to know how any of these admonitions can be at all *a propos* to Walter Honywood Yate, Esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace and deputy lieutenants for the county of Gloucester, who has so honourably taken upon himself the paternity of the present volumes.

We will now, gentle reader, proceed distinctly to state that by much the larger part of these two octavo volumes, of which Mr. Honywood Yate is so modestly willing to engross the merit to himself, is surreptitiously taken, without permission or acknowledgment, from Mr. Burgh's Political Disquisitions. Mr. Yate has not merely copied a sentiment, or a remark here and there, which is at the worst a venial trespass, and might be a laudable appropriation; but he has actually laid claim to the authorship of whole chapters extracted *verbatim et literatim*, indeed with all possible fidelity, from the first volume of the Political Disquisitions of the above mentioned Mr. Burgh.

The part of the first volume of the present work, which is included between p. 189 and p. 312, will be found in the first volume of Burgh's Political Disquisitions, from p. 83 to 173. The whole of Mr. Honywood Yate's second volume, from p. 9 to p. 313, is contained in the first volume of Burgh, from p. 176 to p. 400. This is, we think, as notable a specimen of literary appropriation as could well be found in the annals of plagiarism. If Mr. Honywood Yate had re-published the first volume of Burgh's Political Disquisitions, which is now become scarce, in a cheap form, he would have rendered a service to the public; but, instead of this, he has clandestinely copied from Burgh almost every thing that is at all valuable in his own work, and thrown it into two volumes, which are sold at eighteen shillings.

How Mr. Honywood Yate, who appears to be a man of sufficiently quick sight and keen intellect, could come to commit such a mistake as to suppose himself the author of Mr. Burgh's Political Disquisitions, we cannot imagine, un-

less from often reading this valuable work as a sort of store-house of political remark, he has at last worked himself into the firm belief that he must himself have written what he has so often read, in much the same manner as the redoubted hero of La Mancha, who was also a zealous reformist in his way, appropriated to himself the sayings and deeds of all the valiant knights-errant of whom he ever read. Self-deception is of so many different kinds, that we will not positively affirm that Mr. Honynwood Yate may not have practised this sort of agreeable imposition upon himself. Perhaps Mr. Honynwood Yate, having had a great ferment caused in his brain by the last contested election for the county of Gloucester, in which he was such an active partizan, may have dreamed that he was the author, not only of Burgh's Remarks on Reform, but of all the books that ever were or ever could be written on that fruitful theme. If this be the case, we sincerely recommend that the political agitation of Mr. H. Y.'s pericranium should be quieted by a little hellebore, or some other narcotic, till he is convinced of his present erroneous hypothesis, and is willing to allow Mr. Burgh to retain, without further molestation, the exercise of his full and free right to the authorship of the Political Disquisitions.

Though we cannot give Mr. Honynwood Yate the credit of having written what Mr. Burgh wrote probably before Mr. H. Y. could say his alphabet, yet we suppose that we must give him credit for having written the 'prefatory letter' to his truly respectable relative, William Honynwood, Esq. the member for Kent, with the dedication to Sir Francis Burdett, and that to Sir W. B. Guise, &c. We must, therefore, take these dedications, &c. and perhaps the whole of, or some of the passages in the part entitled, 'A candid View of the present State of public Affairs,' &c. in the beginning of the first volume, as expressive of his own real sentiments. To these, therefore, we shall devote a little time before we make our bow to Mr. Honynwood Yate and his present unfortunate assumption of authorship.

In his 'letter prefatory,' Mr. Honynwood Yate talks, p. x. of 'the *fundamental principles* of government,' being 'originally framed,' &c. Now it appears to us that Mr. Honynwood Yate has no very clear ideas of what 'the *fundamental principles* of government' are, or wherein they consist, or he would not talk of their being 'originally framed,' as if they were the product of human artifice. The '*fundamental principles* of government,' neither

are, nor can be, the work of man. They are the sole work of God, who has fixed them in human nature, and has embodied them in the relations of things and the constitution of the world. From contemplating his own nature, the circumstances in which he is placed, and that which is most conducive to the good of individuals, considered in the aggregate, or, in other words, from attentive observation, long experience and careful induction, man may prove what the *fundamental principles of government* are, but he does not make those principles. He does not 'frame' them, as Mr. Honeywood Yate seems to imagine. They are already made to his hand; and he can only develop the nature, unfold the tendencies, and accommodate the application to political institutions.

Mr. Honeywood Yate says also, p. x. that the object of his work is to impress upon the people of this country 'the great and incontrovertible axiom, that the key-stone of the British constitution is the unadulterated and inviolable rights of the people, as established at the Revolution, and as manifested in a free, full, and pure representation of the people in the House of Commons.' This kind of language is often employed by modern politicians, but it is very vague and indefinite, and when closely examined will be found to evince more froth than substance, and more sound than sense. We should be very happy to have Mr. Honeywood Yate inform us where this axiom is to be found? In what part of the ancient temple of the constitution is it written in such clear and legible characters that it cannot be mistaken, that it is as incontrovertible as that two and two make four? Mr. Honeywood Yate, who has had the infelicity to fancy that he wrote Mr. Burgh's *Political Disquisitions* before he was born, may perhaps in some other of his strong paroxysms of fancy have beheld this *incontrovertible axiom* written by the pen of King William, or Lord Somers, on the broad architrave of our constitutional pile. But what is not a little remarkable, Mr. Honeywood Yate, the Gloucestershire reformist, talks of the '*unadulterated and inviolable rights of the people*' being '*established at the revolution,*' and '*manifested in a free, full, and pure representation of the people in the House of Commons.*' Now if these rights of the people were thus '*unadulterated and inviolable*' at the revolution, as Mr. Honeywood Yate intimates, it is plain that, according to his notion, these rights have been grievously impaired since that period. But we would beg to know what great and essential right there is which

the people possessed at the revolution, which they do not possess at the present period? Mr. Honywood Yate will tell us that '*the unadulterated and inviolable rights of the people at the Revolution,*' were '*manifested in a free, full, and PURE REPRESENTATION of the people in the House of Commons.*' Now, in answer to this, we must beg leave to remark that the representation of the people in parliament, though not so free, nor so full, nor so pure as might be wished, is actually more free, more full, and more pure now than it was at the revolution. This may appear a bold assertion, but it is susceptible of demonstrative proof. For the right of election in several boroughs, as in the case of New Shoreham, has been greatly extended since the revolution. The House of Commons is so far more free, and it is certainly more full, owing to the union with Ireland, which has added a hundred members to the number of representatives, and all of whom are chosen from the counties or cities and large towns. The union, therefore, with Ireland, has not only rendered the House of Commons more full, but has thrown great weight into the popular scale. This union, by whatever means it may have been effected, has certainly contributed to augment the popular influence in the national councils, and, at the same time, to render the House of Commons a much more intractable body to the minister of the day than it was before. The difficulty of what is called *managing* The House has been greatly increased by the addition of one hundred Irish members to the representatives of the people. If the elective franchise were as generally diffused amongst the mass of proprietors in Scotland as it is in Ireland, and the Scotch burghs and counties were as open as the Irish counties, cities, and boroughs, we believe that the conduct of the House of Commons in all great and important questions of national policy, would show that the people had not much reason to complain of an inadequate representation. That the House of Commons, even in its present form, is more pure than it was at the period of the revolution, we are led to believe from the greater rigor with which the laws against bribery are executed, compared with what they were then, from the less outrage and disorder which prevail at elections, from the total want of expense with which some members have been returned, and above all, from the much higher tone of morals, owing to the increase of knowledge and the consequently more improved state of public opinion, which is to be found, not only in the upper, but the infe-

rior ranks, not only in parliament, but out of parliament now, than at the time when King William ascended the throne.

We know that it is the fashion to talk of the era of the Revolution, as the acme of political purity and perfection; but though we venerate the great actors in that important event as much as even Mr. Honynwood Yate himself, we are not willing to allow that they were at all more incorrupt or disinterested than the statesmen of modern times; nor can we find any one instance in which more purity of conduct was displayed in the parliaments of King William than in those of George the Third. Whatever comparisons of this kind may be instituted, we are convinced that as long as those, who make them, preserve a strict adherence to truth, they will not be found in favour of times past. It is the common infirmity of mankind to prate like the 'laudator temporis acti'; but man is progressive, very progressive, wherever attention is paid to his intellectual culture; and the progression of man (even of members of parliament, though Mr. H. Y. and his partisans will probably exclaim against this) in knowledge and in virtue, in extent of information and in uprightness of conduct, has been much beyond what is commonly supposed since the boasted era of the revolution.

Mr. Honynwood Yate talks as if all public principle were vanished amongst public men, as if our senate were reduced to the very dregs of turpitude, and there was no virtue left in the country, but the shadow of what we might trace in the image of our ancestors at the time of Magna Charta, or at least of the Revolution. But nothing can be more fallacious than the representation, as far as public liberty and public principle are concerned, which this gentleman and others seem to delight in exhibiting of past times. That representation or rather misrepresentation, may serve to increase the popular discontent, and to give strength to popular delusion, and may so far promote the purposes of individual ambition; but there is no man of plain understanding, and of moderate information, who will not be convinced that we have, on the whole, as Englishmen, as lovers of liberty, as friends to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth, more reason to rejoice in the present than to regret the past. Present evils, particularly political, are always beheld with a magnifying mirror of the highest powers; but, if we have sufficient candor to examine their true dimensions, we shall find that the freedom and purity of the House of Commons,

that the general knowledge and integrity of its members, as well as those of the government, viewed in other lights and modifications, have been much augmented since the Revolution.

In his dedication to Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Honywood Yate says, 'I aim at nothing but *simplicity* and *truth*.' Of Mr. H. Y.'s *simplicity*, these volumes may furnish a striking memorial; and with respect to his *truth*, that is sufficiently attested by his modesty in arrogating the authorship of Mr. Burgh's Disquisitions. In this same dedication too, as well as in the 'letter prefatory,' Mr. Honywood Yate talks as if there was some former period, when the virtue of the House of Commons was like the unspotted snow. Thus he declares, p. xxxiii.

* * * 'if our House of Commons, the rival of parliaments,' (what does this mean?) 'be not *regenerated* and *restored to its pristine purity*, it will only be considered as an idle pageant, as a sign hung out to warn Englishmen how long the lifeless corps of an institution may remain entire after its principles are destroyed, or its spirit departed.'

Here Mr. H. Y. talks of *regenerating* the House of Commons, and *restoring its pristine purity*, as if it were once all *perfect* and *immaculate*, though it would puzzle a much wiser man than him to show when it was even so perfect and immaculate as in the present period. That the House of Commons might, by some wise and judicious alterations, be rendered more pure than it is, we are very willing to admit; but we do stoutly deny that the House of Commons, even as it is, is less pure than it ever was in any former period of our history. To talk, therefore, of *regenerating* the House of Commons is to talk nonsense, if by *regenerating* it we mean to make it better by making it what it was at the revolution; for it is better now than it was at the revolution; and, therefore, to regenerate it in this way, instead of causing its improvement, would occasion its deterioration.

In the 'Candid View of the present State of public Affairs,' Mr. H. Y. if he be author of this part of the work, talks in the same tone as in his dedications. The following are specimens:

'Venality and corruption never were so barefaced.' P. 4.
'People in high stations are not now ashamed to be totally indifferent about the public interest.' P. 4. 'The state reformers at the revolution were so intent on binding down our kings to their good behaviour, that they left the nobles in possession of powers inconsistent with the first principles of liberty.' P. 9.

In what we have said above, we have shown that Mr.

Honywood Yate does not appear to understand what the first principles of liberty are, and therefore how is he to know what powers are inconsistent with those principles?

But Mr. H. Y. who so often and so vehemently urges the necessity of *regenerating* the constitution, and *restoring it to the pristine purity* which it possessed at the revolution, is, it seems, in a subsequent part of the work, discontented with the revolution itself; and that, for this notable reason, because it 'left the nobles in possession of powers inconsistent with the first principles of liberty.' And he goes on to say with an oracular gravity, which is very becoming in a man of his transcendent abilities, and an author of such *undoubted originality*, that

'It ought to have been settled at the great reformation of the state in 1688, that, if at any time a law or regulation affecting the whole community, should be found agreeable to a majority of the Lower House, and to the sovereign, it should be established, whether passed by the Lords or not.'

The 'ought to have been,' of this sage patriot, Mr. Honynwood Yate, *if it actually had been*, would have completely republicanized the constitution. We cannot believe that Sir Francis Burdett can assent to this sentiment of his Gloucestershire friend. For Sir Francis cannot have read the history of England to so little purpose as not to know that to render the House of Lords a nullity would be to endanger the liberties of the people. The House of Lords is a barrier to those liberties, not only against the encroachments of the crown, but against the ambition of demagogues, whose tyranny is not less to be dreaded than that of kings. If the House of Lords were annihilated, the crown would not only be shorn of its beams, but the monarchy itself would not have sufficient force or solidity to keep it in its sphere. The great mass of territorial property in the House of Lords is what principally renders the monarchy fixed and stable. The leader of a faction, if there were no House of Lords, would at any time be able to domineer over the king, and to paralyze the action of the executive power.

At p. 11, Mr. H. Y. says that, 'they who make lawgivers, should have power in case of failure on the part of their constituted lawgivers, to make laws for themselves. *This would be, and NOTHING LESS THAN THIS IS, LIBERTY.*' If 'nothing less than this is liberty,' then where can liberty be found, according to Mr. H. Yate's notion of it, except in some petty state of a few square

miles in extent, where all the citizens can meet in a common hall and pass laws by acclamation?

Before we conclude our notice of this work, we will quote a passage from the preface, to show with what a high degree of self-complacency Mr. Honynood Yate speaks of his labours in the present performance, of the impression which he thinks it will make on the public mind, and of his own great willingness to suffer like a political martyr of the first rate magnanimity.

* * * 'I am sure all errors and imperfections of the following work, and many I feel they are,' (Mr. H. Y. is surely very kind and charitable in feeling for errors and imperfections which are *not* his own!) 'will be kindly overlooked by the consideration that it was not *composed* in the envied ease of retirement, or in the uninterrupted repose of rural quiet, but in the busy hum of men,' (did Mr. Burgh write his part of it during the hubbub of the Gloucestershire election?) 'in the midst of avocations in the distraction of jarring engagements, in the hour of toil, and in the day of trouble.' * * * 'Whatever destiny may await this work and its *author*, when my country is in danger, MY feeble voice,' (that is the voice of Mr. Burgh) 'and slender abilities shall be called into action; and though the press, that grand support of our liberties, be menaced with the summary proceedings of the Star Chamber, and myself subjected to the pains and penalties of an "Ex officio information," and though the novel and recently adopted doctrine, that 'the greater the truth the greater the libel,' should consign me to the cheerless cells of a prison, yet will I with constitutional freedom publish my sentiments, pursue my duty with firmness, and leave the event to heaven.'

The above is as pretty a *tirade* of egotism as we have seen for a long time. But perhaps it is excusable in Mr. H. Y. who had not only to support the 'I by itself I' of his own person, but that also of Mr. Burgh, whose personality he has thought fit to assume, and whose writings he has had the amiable diffidence to publish as his own.

ART. XI.—*An Inquiry into the Consequences of neglecting to give the Prayer-Book with the Bible. Interspersed with Remarks on some late Speeches at Cambridge, and other important Matter relative to the British and foreign Bible Society. By Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. Margaret Professor of Divinity. Second Edition. London, Rivingtons, 1812.*

ART. XII.—*A Letter to Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. in reply to certain Observations contained in his Pamphlet relative to the British and Foreign Bible Society. By Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D. London, Cadell, 1812; 1s. 6d.*

ART. XIII.—*A Vindication of Churchmen who become Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in a Letter to a Friend at Cambridge, being an Answer to Dr. Marsh's Pamphlet upon that Subject. London, Mawman, 1812, 1s. 6d.*

THE most material point which is discussed in these pamphlets, and indeed the essence of the whole, divested of all extraneous considerations, is, whether churchmen may co-operate with dissenters for the dissemination of scriptural knowledge, without injury to the establishment? To assert that, by such co-operation, churchmen will injure the establishment, is in other words to assert that scriptural knowledge will injure the establishment. For, if scriptural knowledge will not injure the establishment, why should those churchmen be censured who are labouring to disseminate that knowledge over this and other countries by means of the auxiliary Bible Society?

If churchmen unite with dissenters for the good purpose of distributing Bibles to the poor of this country, does it follow either that the church must go over to the dissenters, or the dissenters to the church? If a bigoted churchman is afraid of the first, why may not a bigoted dissenter be equally afraid of the last? But the dissenters, much to their credit, have shown no petty jealousy nor malevolent reluctance to co-operate with churchmen for this great moral end. Have *all* churchmen shown the same conciliating temper towards the dissenters?—No mercenary theologian has risen up amongst the dissenters to oppose the co-operation of his fraternity with the great body of churchmen, for the purpose of spreading the light of Scripture over the land. But some persons in the church, impelled by motives, which we shall not stay to scrutinize, have raised the whar-whoop of enmity against the dissenters, and against all those churchmen who are willing to co-operate with the dissenters for the glorious project of distributing the Bible amongst the poor, without any comment or paraphrase either by churchmen or dissenters.

The enemies to the Bible Society exclaim that, if the Bible be distributed without the Book of Common Prayer,

the poor will be alienated from the established church. By whatever specious sophistry these persons may endeavour to support their hypothesis, it amounts, on an ultimate analysis, to nothing more than a confession that the doctrine of the Bible is different from that of the church. For if the doctrine of the church be plainly taught in the Bible, then the distribution of the Bible without any accompaniment of inferior authority, must, more than any thing else, support the interests of the church. To distribute the Bible in the way proposed by The Bible Society, must most effectually tend to diminish the number of the dissenters, and to enlarge the fold of the establishment. The more the Bible is read and studied, the more must it tend to support that particular church, whatever it may be, which evinces the most scriptural foundation. Will any churchman say that the establishment has not a scriptural foundation? If he does, he acts consistently with his opinion in repressing, as much as possible, the circulation of the Scriptures, and substituting something which is more favourable to the establishment in their place. But the churchman, who believes that the Bible contains not only the religion of Protestants in general, but the faith of the church of England in particular, acts very incongruously with that belief, if he does not unite, hand and heart, with the dissenters, in encouraging the utmost possible dissemination of the Scriptures, and nothing but the Scriptures, amongst all orders of the people.

The enemies to The Bible Society, reason as if the Bible contained a poison to which the Prayer Book was the antidote; and, therefore, they in their great charity, are unwilling that the poison should be administered without the antidote. But the worthy members of The Society, amongst whom are some of the most exalted and most benevolent characters in the kingdom, make their stand on the true Protestant principle, in which they are impregnable to every assailant, that the Bible is the sole rule of faith, and are convinced that the more general is the circulation, the greater must be the aggregate of national good produced. And this good they wisely judge, is much more likely to be produced by the book itself, if left to be its own expositor, than if accompanied by any human interpretation. No human interpretation could be given to which some objections might not be made as tending to bias the party in favour of some particular opinion, and therefore the Society, by distributing the Bible without the comment of any individual divine, or

body of divines, have adopted the only measure, which can serve as a firm principle of union amongst all the members of whom it is composed, and most effectually prevent the introduction of narrow-minded jealousies, or sectarian feuds. The Bible Society is promoting the general good of Christendom, which is superior in importance to the good of any particular church. But all particular churches will have their share of the benefit; and this share will in a great measure be apportioned to the degree in which their tenets are conformable to the Scriptures. In this country the good will not be exclusively enjoyed, either by the church or by the dissenters. It will be shared by both, and if the tenets of the church are more agreeable to the Scriptures than those of the dissenters, it must ultimately, even though the Prayer-Book do not accompany the distribution of the Bible, have the preponderance of the advantage.

The Bible Society, animated by the universal spirit of benevolence which Christianity inspires, do not confine their exertions merely to the promotion of the secular interest of one particular church. Their object is to augment the moral and intellectual interest of all denominations of Christians, and not make men polemics merely for one mode of faith, but to afford opportunities of increased scriptural knowledge to men of all varieties of belief. But what is perhaps of more importance than all the rest in estimating the benefits of the Bible Society, its tendency is to bring churchmen and dissenters together, to smooth off the sharp angles of suspicion and distrust, which prevent their union, and to teach them to act in friendship and harmony for their reciprocal advantage. More good must eventually result to the church itself from cherishing this principle of amity with the dissenters, than by inflaming the spirit of opposition, and multiplying the grounds of dissent. The hues of faith may be various, but they may be all blended together in the focus of charity.

Both churchmen and dissenters, as far as they are Christians, and, indeed, as far as they are Englishmen, have a common interest; nor can that interest be better promoted than by a cordial union on the most comprehensive principles, for the dissemination of Truth, and, above all, the diffusion of Charity.

We might easily have extended this article to a much greater length; but we have exhibited the substance of the argument in favour of the Bible Society, which con-

tains in itself a refutation of the principal objections which have been urged against it by its enemies.

Dr. Clarke deserves praise for his promptitude and zeal in defending the cause of the Bible Society, in the success of which the best interests of Protestantism are materially involved.

Mr. Otter's 'Vindication of churchmen,' &c. is written with great good sense, sobriety, and moderation, and contains some admirable remarks, which are highly honourable both to his head and to his heart. It is a complete refutation of the sophistry to which it is opposed.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*A Letter on Ecclesiastical Liberty, addressed to the Rev. J. L. Martyn, A. M. Rector of St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square, London, Lecturer of the same Parish, and alternate Morning Preacher at St. James's Chapel, Hampstead Road. By the Rev. Thomas Jones, A. M. London, Gale and Curtis, 1812. 2s.*

WE are, and have long been, seriously convinced that Intolerance is on the decline, and that, in a few years, as knowledge is more widely diffused, and the principles of religious liberty more generally understood, a reciprocal toleration in diversities of religious opinion will be felt and practised as the duty and the interest of men. But, in the mean time, till this most desirable period arrives, intolerance, particularly that which originates in malevolent selfishness, and exclusive interest, will make many desperate struggles to consolidate her dominion, and to avert her fall. Some of these struggles have been lately seen; and one of the most violent of them is the effort of the present persons at the head of the administration to quench the spirit and to repress the diffusion of Religious Liberty in these realms. But the more selfish and worldly men, who worship no god but that of individual interest and personal emolument, labour to stem the tide of religious liberty, the more we are convinced that that liberty will extend its influence and multiply its converts. Its pace may be retarded, but its progress cannot be entirely suspended by any individuals or associations of individuals uniting to oppose self-interest to philanthropy, prejudice to truth, and the darkness of human ignorance to the illumination of heaven.

The present letter of the Rev. T. Jones records one of the petty efforts of that intolerant spirit which is vainly striving to extinguish the light of reason, and to chill the heat of charity

in these realms. It appears that Mr. Jones was lately engaged by Mr. Martyn to officiate as his curate in the morning in the church of St. George the Martyr, in Queen's Square, for the space of one year. But Mr. Jones informs us that, on the 15th of last December, having preached a charity sermon for the benefit of the parish schools, and having in that sermon spoken of Mr. Lancaster and of his philanthropic exertions, in terms of well merited commendation, he received, on the following day, a note from Mr. Martyn, his rector, informing him that he had no farther occasion for his services at Queen's Square church. Mr. Jones says that he in vain solicited Mr. Martyn to assign a reason for this abrupt dismissal from his cure, but that Mr. M. remained pertinaciously silent. Mr. Jones had, however, little doubt of the real cause of his dismissal, as, on the following Sunday, Mr. Martyn preached a sermon *against the Lancastrian system*, in order probably to efface, as much as possible, the impression which had been made by the previous discourse of Mr. Jones.

'If,' says Mr. Jones, addressing his very tolerant rector, 'you are justified in assuming the prerogative of dismissing your curate at a moment's notice, without cause assigned, or because on every question he does not think with you,—in what a situation do the subordinate clergy stand! to what degradation must they submit! What subjection so severe as this! The slave, that is obliged to labour,—the slave, whose confinement extends to his bodily, but not to his mental powers, is comparatively a free man. For the soul is the man himself. "There is," saith St. Augustine, "only one object greater than the soul, and that is its Creator." I know then of no situation so wretched, or so despicable. The minister, who derives his support from the scanty pittance, which his profession affords, must either propagate all the doctrines, be what they may, which his superior may command, or must be content to live in increasing poverty.'

The following sentiments of Mr. Jones are just and pointed, but we fear that they will not, at least during the present convulsive efforts of religious intolerance amongst the higher powers, favour his advancement in the church.

'If I considered that it was the principle of our church to hold such men as Mr. Lancaster in abhorrence; if I considered that the spirit of some of its members was necessarily the spirit of my profession, I would renounce it in a moment; and seek another church, which would be more consonant with my conceptions, at least, of Christianity. But the Articles of our church, it may be said, are explanatory of the tenets of Christianity, and therefore ought to be supported. Be it so: as far as they appear to me consonant with the truths contained in the Bible, which is the word of God, I am ready on all occasions to support them. But if the opinions of men are to be im-

posed upon us as the rule of our faith, if I am not allowed the liberty of private judgment, the hand of power may make me a pharisaic hypocrite, but can never make me a conscientious Christian. If the Church of England, founded as it was originally on that liberty of conscience, "with which Christ has made us free," does not permit her members to search their Bibles for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction, in whatever pertains to salvation, it is still the Romish under a Protestant name.

To the end of this pamphlet, Mr. Jones has appended the sermon which caused him to incur the resentment of the rector of St. George the Martyr. It is a sensible discourse, without a single passage in it which could afford any just ground of offence even to the most *orthodox* Christian. But we suppose, that as *orthodoxy* is a variable thing, one of the leading articles in the *orthodoxy* of a Church of England man must be, to make the pulpit a vehicle for bespattering the character of Mr. Lancaster, as a certain divine is said to have shown his *orthodoxy* by accusing my Lord Grenville of having become a convert to the doctrine of transubstantiation.

ART. 15.—*National Depravity, the Cause of National Calamity; a Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of Woodbridge, Suffolk: By Rev. John Morley, Assistant Curate thereof, on Wednesday, the 5th Day of February, 1812; being the Day appointed for a General Fast.* London, Baldwin, 1s. 6d.

THIS sermon of Mr. Morley is not ill-written; and though none of the remarks are novel, they are not deficient in sound piety and good sense.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*An Address to the British Nation, on the accession of the Prince Regent to Power.* By Hugh Arnot, Esq. London, Sherwood, 1812, 8vo. 2s.

THIS address appears to have been written before the period of the parliamentary restrictions on the Prince Regent had expired. The author, therefore, at that time, in common with many other British subjects, indulged the fond, and now frustrate hope, that when the restrictions were removed, the prince would adopt a political system different from that which has been pursued for the last fifty years, and more congenial with the principles which he had imbibed in his youth, and constantly professed in his more mature years. Habits of sentiment and action, in common men, which have been affectionately cherished and vigorously maintained for twenty or thirty years, under peculiar circumstances of opposition and discouragement, are seldom found to be fugitive and evanescent things. They do not, in a moment, evaporate from the mind, the heart, and conscience,

like the morning dew off the ground. But are princes so differently constituted from common men, that they can, in an instant, and apparently without any cause, which does not blush to see the light, abandon all their former principles and opinions, the intimacies and friendships of ancient standing, the connections of early life, and unions of mind and heart, which seemed formed of too solid materials to be pervious to change or to decay! But, alas! all the common calculations of probability and possibility! seem to be mocked by recent events.

What potent magician can have waved his wand over a certain great house in Piccadilly, and have dissolved in the twinkling of an eye all the spells of early attachment, the chords of ancient habit, and at one impulse have given a new and different tone to the volitions of the mind and the pulsations of the heart? The subject itself of this almost miraculous change, a parallel to which is not to be found in the whole circle of history, is of sufficient curiosity and interest to be proposed as a new problem in metaphysics; and we recommend the serious consideration of it to those who are advocates for the doctrine of the association of ideas on the system of Hartley.

As there can be no effect without a cause, this sudden and total change in the sentiments and affections of a certain royal personage, must have been occasioned by some antecedent circumstances. But these are probably not accurately known; and if they were known, who would venture to unfold them to the world? They remain in *petto*; and so they are likely to remain, till the time comes when the truth and the whole truth may be disclosed. Kings and princes have generally as much of present flattery as would cloy a strong stomach, if flattery ever cloyed; but perhaps they think, that ephemeral adulation is a sufficient indemnity for the loss of posthumous renown. That renown is to be purchased only by the conduct of the philanthropist, the patriot, and the sage.

There was a hope, not lightly cherished, from the long and intimate connection of the prince with Mr. Fox and other departed worthies, and with many living worthies dear to the remembrances of the lovers of liberty and truth, with many noblemen and gentlemen of unsullied integrity, comprehensive views and genuine British feelings, that the era of his royal highness's accession to the full exercise of the sovereignty, would have been ushered in with measures which would have afforded some solid and permanent cause of rejoicing after fifty years, with only one or two transient intermissions, of impolitic or unfortunate government. But we are still to behold the same system prosecuted by the same men, and no hope is to dawn upon these isles significant of a more enlarged and more liberal policy, or of any scheme to alleviate the accumulated burthens, or to harmonize the religious discords of the empire! The author of this pamphlet has recited some of what appeared to

him to be the pledges of a 'more brilliant and beneficent course' of political administration under the prince regent than under the incapacitated sovereign, who cannot but excite our tenderest concern, from the sorrow and darkness with which he is encompassed.

Mr. Arnot quotes the letter which the Prince of Wales wrote to Mr. Perceval when he was about to become regent under the restrictions which that gentleman thought fit to impose upon him. In this letter, it must be recollected, that the prince talks of the 'TRUTH and SINCERITY of CHARACTER, which he trusts will appear in every action of his life, in whatever situation placed,' &c. Mr. Arnot enumerates, amongst the words of promise, of a new and better system under the government of the Prince of Wales, a declaration of his royal highness at an entertainment at Brighton, in which he is reported to have said, that he 'had pointed out to her young understanding,' (that of the amiable Princess Charlotte), 'as a model for study, the political conduct of his most revered and lamented friend, Mr. FOX, who had asserted and maintained with such transcendent force the just principles, upon which the government, under this excellent constitution, ought to be administered for the true and solid dignity of the crown, and the real security, freedom, and happiness of the people.' &c. &c.

In the letter which the prince wrote to Mr. Pitt in January, 1789, on the occasion of the first regency bill, his royal highness made use of the following memorable sentiment, that 'THE POWERS AND PREROGATIVES OF THE CROWN ARE VESTED THERE AS A TRUST FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE;' a sentiment which princes ought affectionately to cherish and uniformly to practise as the most certain rule of their duty, and the most effectual means of promoting their own glory and happiness. Amongst the other *presumptive* proofs of the prince's patriotic intentions, Mr. Arnot refers to an account which appeared in the Morning Chronicle of April 4th, 1811, in which Mr. Perceval is said to have proposed to his royal highness to appoint General Charles Craufurd governor of the Military College at Marlow, when his royal highness is reported distinctly to have told the premier, that he never would 'consent to bestow any place or appointment, meant to be an asylum or reward for the toils and services of our gallant soldiers and seamen, upon any person on account of parliamentary connection, or in return for parliamentary votes,' &c. Such *have been* the declarations and professions of the prince! In the first part of his pamphlet, Mr. Arnot makes some skrewd remarks on foreign politics.

ART. 17.—*Remarks suggested by the Proceedings of the late Meeting at Lincoln, held for the purpose of instituting a System of National Education. By the Editor of the Stamford News. Together with an accurate Report, taken in Short Hand, of the Speeches delivered at the above Meeting.* London, Crosby.

THE editor of the Stamford News has made some good remarks in favour of a more liberal and comprehensive system of national education than that which has been lately proposed in the metropolis, and adopted by the meeting at Lincoln. The speech which Sir Robert Heron made at that meeting, does him great credit; and we entirely coincide with the editor of the Stamford News in commending Sir R. H.'s observation, that 'if you would remove from the minds of the dissenters all irritation and hostile feeling, it would go a great way towards the destruction of schism.' But the great object of the *present system* appears to be rather to augment than to diminish, rather to exasperate than to sooth the hostility of the dissenters. What fruits this *system* is likely to produce, we shall not anticipate. They will, in due time, manifest themselves. Those who are attempting to narrow the basis of ecclesiastical communion, will ultimately find, that they have taken the most effectual way to weaken the church. In times when knowledge is so widely diffused, and when the diffusion is rapidly increasing, no institutions can be lasting which are founded on a principle of Intolerance and Exclusion. Bigotry is a suitable companion to an age of Ignorance; but Charity, of the most comprehensive kind, will be found more congenial to the best interests both of the government and the people at the present period.

ART. 18.—*Parliamentary Divorce. Thoughts on the Dangerous Tendency of introducing into Bills of Divorce, a Provision for the Adulteress, as was recently done in the Bill for divorcing Edward Loveden, Esq. M.P. from his Wife, and which occasioned the novel and unprecedented Occurrence of a Bill being thrown out, on the Petition of the Husband.* London, Stockdale, 1812, 1s.

THIS is a singular case, and one of peculiar hardship to Mr. Loveden; but it does not properly come within the province of literary criticism.

ART. 19.—*The Crisis; or, the Delicate Investigation. By Andrew Marvel Redivivus.* London, Richmond, Jermyn-street, 1812.

THE title led us to expect a treat either of sprightliness or good sense. But we have not been gratified either by the one or by the other. If the author have any distinct meaning or definite object in this pamphlet, it is more than we can divine. There are some few writers whom it is difficult to understand, from the profundity of their remarks, but a much greater number who are rendered unintelligible by their shallowness and ignorance. We cannot compliment Mr. Andrew Marvel Redivivus

on the profundity, and perhaps he would not be much obliged to us, if we were to congratulate him on the shallowness of his intellect.

POETRY.

ART. 20.—*Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects. By Miss R—H.*—London, Gale, 1811, price 5s.

THESE poems are the effusions of a Miss of thirteen, who, instead of attending to the meaner occupations of household lore or plying her needle, has mounted her Pegasus, on which she ambles away at no allowance; and so well satisfied is she with the proficiency she has made in jingling two lines together, that she tells us, 'if we behave ourselves *pretty*, she will present us with some more of the *bons bons*, which she has in store. We hope, when we are favoured with the promised treat, we shall find something better than the following:

'Oh! come to my bosom, thou lov'd of my soul,
To my bosom, now beating with sadness;
My girl! thou alone canst my passion controul,
For, by heav'n's! I adore thee to madness.'

Miss R. H.'s muse seems to dwell chiefly on perjured swains and frail damsels, with the exception of some complimentary lines on my Lord Cochrane on his gaining a victory over the French fleet lying in Basque Roads. We trust, that his lordship will feel fully sensible of the honour which Miss R. H. has conferred on him by recounting his gallant exploits, and cheering him in the following lines:

'Then hail Cochrane! hail!
Among the favours of the day, the *muse*
Her little meed of artless verses strews,
Hail, Cochrane! hail!'

And little enough it is, God knows! We would request whoever has the care of this young poetess, to lock up all the pens, ink, and paper, for some time, and amuse the lady's mind in some innocent way, till the rage for writing poetry is succeeded by some employment more useful to herself and more pleasing to her fellow-creatures.

ART. 21.—*The Siege of Zaragoza, and other Poems. By Laura Sophia Temple, Author of Lyric Poems.* London, Millar, 1812, price 8s.

MISS TEMPLE has favoured the public with some thirty-seven or thirty-eight pieces of what is called poetry, amongst which, are Youth and Age, an Ode to Evening, Ditto to Time, a few songs, some mawkish lines on Faith and Doomsday, with as many hum-drum ones on numerous other subjects, equally novel and interesting. That Miss Temple is a lady of genius

and an amiable lady, we are very ready to admit; but why she should not be satisfied in amusing herself, and *astonishing the natives* of her neighbourhood by her own fire-side, without troubling the printer, we are at a loss to conjecture. But the passion for publishing every little *fiddle-faddle* nonsensical couplet, is now-a-days so great, that a lady cannot take up her pen, without indulging the wish of seeing what she scribbles in print, as if it must be vastly edifying to the world in general. To the press then she sends it with as much eagerness as if she had been *guilty* of doing a meritorious action. Amongst the many trifles this volume contains, we cannot select one that rises at all beyond common-place mediocrity. The hackneyed subject of a *withered rose* appears to be as good as any, and this we extract.

‘THE WITHERED ROSE.

- ‘ Behold yon rose!—yon wither’d rose,
 So late the pride of May;
 No more in beauty’s garb it glows,
 Its hour hath pass’d away.
- ‘ No more the wild-bee checks his flight,
 To visit that fair shrine;
 No more it strikes the ravish’d sight
 With blushes, pure as *thine*.
- ‘ Yet still it charms the pensive heart
 Far more than brighter flowers,
 For e’en in death its leaves impart
 The sweets of Eden bowers.
- ‘ With holy sadness and delight,
 The traveller lingers nigh,
 To ponder o’er its early blight,
 And catch its balmy sigh.
- ‘ For thus do virtue’s lovely deeds,
 Give sweetness to decay;
 Thus do they live, when gaudy weeds
 Have bloom’d—and pass’d away.
- ‘ Pride can but fret its little hour,
 And share the general doom;
 But virtue’s fair and fragrant flower
 Can triumph o’er the tomb.’

ART. 22.—*Marmion; or, Flodden Field, a Drama, founded on the Poem of Walter Scott.* London, Murray, 1812.

THE author of the above appears to be very well aware, that this piece is unfit for representation, as well from its length as from other deficiencies. It is so close an imitation of the poem, that, except for some few very trifling alterations, it appears

word for word (as far as the size and shape of it in a dramatic work will allow), *Marmion*; or, *Flodden Field*, written by Walter Scott, Esq. In justice to our author, we must, however, allow, that the little alterations he has made, are very judicious; and could it be brought forward as a spectacle for dramatic representation, we think it would be not only a very pleasing, but a very instructive one. Our author must not be angry with us, if we tell him (which we do in great good humour), that he has mispent his time in transforming this poem into a drama, and for this plain reason—because he has not fitted it for the stage. Who would not prefer reading the poem itself, to the perusal of a mutilated story in the form of a play? As the author seems to have some genius in this kind of *vamping up* from other stories, we think, that he may be more successful, provided he would pay more attention to brevity and compression. In the Scottish history, he will find plenty of rude heroes, and in the English court various specimens of *gay seducers*, like my Lord *Marmion*, of the *Golden Crest*! Comedy, real genteel comedy, appears to be entirely banished from our stage. What does appear under that name, is either broad farce or flippant impertinence. And, as to tragedy, what is it? Declamation and sound, ‘signifying nothing.’ If the author of this piece could bring out some historical piece, which would keep its station on the boards beyond the third night, he would have some claim to celebrity as a dramatic author.

ART. 23.—*Poems of Eugenio*. London, Sherwood, 1811.

THE contents of this little volume are the following: ‘*Regretful Remembrance*,’ ‘*Alonzo the Hermit*,’ *Stoicism*,’ ‘*The Maniac*,’ and some songs. These little effusions were written, as we are told, in India. They indicate a feeling and an elegant mind. The poem on *Regretful Remembrance* we think the best, though, in some of the descriptions, it may be thought a close copy of Goldsmith’s *deserted Village*. We shall give the following as a specimen of *Eugenio*’s poetry. After a pretty description of the village and village characters, he proceeds with his *Regretful Remembrance*:

‘Ah! dear regretted scene of youthful years,
Which still in mem’ry’s tablet fair appears;
Nor can reflection now her pow’rs forbear,
To urge the sigh, or mourn her present care.
For, where are fled the joys which once I knew?
How alter’d from this sad, this present view.
In India’s realms a stranger am I plac’d,
And doom’d to tread each solitary waste;
To brave the torrid fierceness of the soil,
And wearied too with unremitting toil;
Or is the loss of social charms repaid,
With fancied honours of a pageant trade;

More solid worth it surely must require,
 To quench affection's bright and glowing fire;
 Yet fancy with her Syren song essay'd,
 And taught my soul to quit the tranquil shade;
 She caus'd my steps in foreign climes to stray,
 As soft she warbled forth the specious lay;
 She brightly spread her gay delusive fire,
 With phantoms false, with glory to inspire,
 And held her pageantry to sweetest view,
 Like pleasing dreams, which show their charms untrue.'

We do not select this as the best passage in the book, but merely to show how constantly a feeling and affectionate mind dwells with fond regret on those scenes which are past, never to be recalled, and which appear with redoubled charms when we are separated from them by the wide ocean, and placed on a distant shore. This the author of *Regretful Remembrance* very forcibly exemplifies. The next poem is *Alonzo the Hermit*, which, though in the same grave and pensive style as the former, holds up a very instructive lesson. This little volume is printed with extreme neatness, and on a beautiful paper, and exhibits various specimens of a cultivated taste.

ART. 24.—*The Philosophy of Melancholy, a Poem, in Four Parts, with a mythological Ode. By T. L. Peacock. London, Hookham, 1812, price 18s.*

MR. PEACOCK has presented the world with a very splendid quarto volume on the *Philosophy of Melancholy*, so splendid and so beautiful, that we were very careful in turning over the leaves, for fear a careless finger might leave a blur on the capacious margin. The author has no doubt bestowed much pains to make his poem accord with his paper; for it is evident to all human eyes that his paper does not accord with his poem, and therefore we may suppose that the paper was the first thing thought of, and that the one thing needful, viz. the composition, was the last. Now, as most things are best done at the first, we cannot avoid wishing that Mr. Peacock had made the paper and the type the last of his considerations.

We have read the above poem with great attention, and with every possible disposition to be pleased by the perusal; but, however unpleasant it is to us to be compelled to make the declaration, we must own ourselves to have been a little, perhaps not a little, disappointed. We request Mr. Peacock not to be distressed at our bluntness; as though we are plain-spoken people even towards those irritable gentlemen who drive the grey-goose quill in the service of the *mine*, we hail with real satisfaction the beauties which present themselves, let them be strewn ever so scantily over the page.

We must observe also that the subject which Mr. Peacock has chosen, however pleasing to himself and to many gentlemen

of reflecting, and to many ladies of *unreflecting* minds, who fancy that to look melancholy is to look *interesting*; it is not, on the whole, a very captivating subject. Nor, according to our ideas, has Mr. Peacock selected those topics which are recommended by their novelty; for he has scarcely noticed one upon which much has not been written and versified an hundred times over. For instance, what school boy is there in one of the upper forms, who does not know that Germanicus experienced a melancholy pleasure in interring the legions of Varius in the wood of Teutoburgium? And the circumstance of Caius Marius, seating himself amidst the ruins of Carthage, is as familiar as Death and the Lady, or Chevy Chase. Mr. Peacock refers to various authors by way of illustrating the Philosophy of Melancholy, from which we learn that he has read Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles; that he is not only familiar with Shakspeare, Voltaire, Alfieri, and others, but is also quite at home in Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto. We were not, however, a little surprized to find that, amongst these worthies, that sombre, melancholy gentleman, M. Zimmerman, had not a place allotted him, for he surely was as philosophic, and as dull, as any melancholy genius would wish to be.

There are, however, some interesting passages in the Philosophy of Melancholy; and though the whole does not rise above mediocrity, yet it has its merits, as the following will evince. After speaking of the inability of the gay and frivolous to endure the vicissitudes of life, Mr. Peacock proceeds:

‘ Oh melancholy! blue eyed maid divine!
Thy fading woods, thy twilight walks, be mine.
No sudden change thy pensive votaries feel,
They mark the whirl of fortune’s restless wheel,
Taught by the past the coming hour to scan,
No wealth, no glory, permanent to man.
Not thine, blest power! the misanthropic gloom,
That gave its living victims to the tomb,
Forced weeping youth to bid the world farewell,
And hold sad vigils in the cloistered cell.
Thy lessons train the comprehensive mind,
The sentient heart, that glows for all mankind,
The intrepid hand, the unsubdued resolve,
Whence wisdom, glory, liberty, devolve.’

The following is a favourable specimen of Mr. Peacock’s descriptive powers. He is portraying the beautiful scenery of Merionethshire.

‘ Oh beauteous Merion! Cambria’s mountain pride!
Still memory sees thy eddying waters glide,
* * * * *
‘ Lulled by the ceaseless dash of confluent streams
In fairy-fancies and Arcadian dreams.

O'er the blue deep thy mossy castles frown,
Thy mighty cataracts burst and thunder down:
The rock-set ash, with tortuous branches grey,
Veils the deep glen, and drinks the flying spray;
And Druid oaks extend their solemn shades
O'er the fair forms of Britain's loveliest maids.

By the wild glens, where struggling Cynfael raves,
Or swift Velenrhyd breaks his echoing waves,
Sublime the task, in autumn's humid day
To watch the impetuous torrents force their way,
High-swoln by rains, and chafing with the breeze,
Hurling the loosened stones, the uprooted trees,
With meteor-swiftness rushing from the steep,
To roll the mountain-havoc to the deep.
More wildly sweet, nor less sublime, the scene,
When winter smiled in cloudless skies serene,
When winds were still, and ice enchained the soil,
O'er its white bed to see the cataract toil.
The sheeted foam, the falling stream beneath,
Clothed the high rocks with frost-work's wildest wreath;
Round their steep sides the arrested ooze had made
A vast fantastic, crystal colonnade:
The scattering vapor, frozen ere it fell,
With mimic diamonds spangled all the dell,
Decked the grey woods with many a pendant gem,
And gave the oak its wint'ry diadem.

The above lines are some of the best in the poem, though we could point out some faults even in the best. But, finding fault is an odious task; and a province of which we are by no means partial to the exercise. In the second part our author presents us with the episode of Rinaldo and Rosaura; and, in the third part, with a tale of an eastern philosopher, which we shall extract.

' His pensive path Abdallah chanced to take
Along the margin of that beauteous lake,
By science led o'er wildest hills to roam,
And cull their sweets to grace his studious home.
And well he deemed a day's long toil repaid,
If one young blossom he had ne'er surveyed,
Or unknown herb, his curious search might find.
Thus while he roamed, with contemplative mind,
The turning rock disclosed a wonderful scene,
A myrtle grove, in summer's loveliest green;
A blossomed lawn: an hermit cave beside,
A central tree, in solitary pride.
Even while he gazed on that strange plant, he felt,
As if amidst its leaves some genius dwelt,

Some musing spirit, whose diffusive power
 Shed deeper awe on placid evening's hour.
 Still science-led, he pressed the lonely plain,
 And stretched his hand the offering bough to gain.
 Then first an urn, with recent flowerets dressed,
 His gaze attracted, and his touch repressed :
 On whose broad pedestal a tablet said,
 Respect these branches, nor profane the dead.
 Congealed he stood, in statue-like surprize,
 Fixed on the plant his wonder-beaming eyes,
 And heard the gale, that played its leaves around,
 Wake as it passed, a wild unearthly sound.
 Thus while he paused, a footstep smote his ear,
 He turned, and saw a grey-haired stranger near,
 Whom years had bowed beneath their lengthened load :
 Yet in his reverend features gently glowed,
 The deep, sublime tranquillity of soul,
 That fate shakes not, nor time's supreme control.
 He spoke, and mildly sweet his accents fell,
 Sweet as the wafted note of evening bell,
 Whose slow swing strikes the weary traveller's ear,
 Awakes the thought of home, and tells of shelter near.
 " Stranger ! the urn those solemn branches shade
 Nursed that fair tree, now monarch of the glade.
 Within its boughs a spirit dwells enshrined,
 And sheds blest influence on the musing mind.
 " In early youth I lost my hallowed Sire ;
 I laid his body on the funeral pyre,
 Placed in that urn the ashes of his clay,
 And left them free to Mithra's holy ray.
 The warm ray fell ; the summer dews came down ;
 The forest verdure changed to russet brown :
 The dry leaves dropped : the wintry tempest past,
 When Spring's mild gale dispelled the freezing blast,
 That solemn plant, my ever-sacred trust,
 Sprang from my heaven-loved parent's genial dust.
 Not long that narrow urn its strength could rear,
 I raised it from its bed, and fixed it here.
 Sweet was the task to watch its spreading stem,
 And every infant bud's expanding gem.
 " Oh stranger ! oft beneath its shade reclined,
 I hear my father, on the evening wind,
 Breathe in pure accents of celestial truth,
 The sacred lore that trained my tender youth.
 Soon by his urn shall my old bones be laid,
 And sweetly sleep in his protecting shade."

NOVELS.

ART. 25.—*Seabrook Village and its Inhabitants; or, The History of Mrs. Worthy and her Family, founded on Facts, written for the instruction and amusement of Young People.* London, Colburn, 1811.

VARIOUS and pleasing are the lessons with which the amiable Mrs. Worthy excites the attention of her pupils; and many and interesting are the little histories which she relates for their instruction and amusement. Mrs. Worthy is a delightful companion, and so appropriate and considerate are her charities, that they may be held up as a model for those who wish to do good, but know not how to set about it. Many people who are rich, and who wish to render good to their distressed fellow-creatures, either from voluptuous indolence or from indiscriminate prodigality, do more harm than good. When one of Mrs. Worthy's daughters compares her to the fairy Benigna, who not only does good, but does it expeditiously, she answers:

'It is very easy to be a fairy Benigna, when we resolve to do all the good in our power; and, believe me, that power is much more extensive than many of us imagine: true charity consists in adapting our relief to the real wants of the object, and not in any unnecessary lavishness, given more as a parade of our own fancied goodness than for any real benefit of the object.'

The story of Joe Wilson, the fisherman, and his wife, is a most excellent lesson to foolishly indulgent parents, and self-willed and headstrong children. It is a beautiful tale, and, if the book contained no other, it would be of itself sufficient to stamp its excellence. '*Seabrook Village*' deserves a place of high distinction in the juvenile library.

ART. 26.—*Good Men of Modern Date, a Satirical Tale, 3 Vols. By Mrs. Green, Author of Romance Readers and Romance Writers, Reformist, Royal Exile, &c.* London, Tegg, 1811, price 15s.

Mrs. GREEN has presented us with another tale, written with as much spirit and good humour as her former novels. This good humour of Mrs. Green's is conspicuous in her other works, and her good sense, combined with the close observation of character, renders what she writes instructive and entertaining. Mrs. Green 'shoots folly as it flies;' and, in the most pleasant way, 'holds to the world a picture of itself.' This picture many might study to their advantage who arrogate to themselves the appellation of good men and very worthy women. Alas! we must own, that to our personal discomfort, we have often been annoyed by many of these birds in borrowed plumage. It is an every-day remark, that such and such persons are, to be sure, *very unpleasant*, yet are *very good people*; and thus smoothly do they glide through the world with a character ready cut and dried to their hands, to which few, very few, have any right to aspire.

In her present performance, Mrs. Green exhibits several of these good sort of people, who are an anomaly in their species, till you really come to know them. She has unmasked the designing villain in the character of Mr. Jefferies, a *good man*, who neglects his wife in private for the blandishments of an artful, but pretty widow, and attempts to blast the virtue of an innocent and lovely young woman, who is governess to his children. She holds up to our contempt the good man, Colonel Frogmore, whose worldly character is admirably contrasted with that of the generous and open-hearted probity of the veteran tar, Captain Fitzwarren.

Mrs. Craddock, the sharp-nosed housekeeper, and Paddy O'Shannon, the sea-footman, serve as a piquant sauce to the agreeable fricassee served up for our *picking*. But, the prime article of the whole, is dear little Betsy Fitzwarren, the jovial tar's niece, who is above all little arts attached to the common class of females, and without any of the high-flown, out-of-the-way nonsense of modern young ladies (we will not say Misses, for a good friend of our's whispered in our ear, that the word *Miss* was extremely unpleasant.) She is sensible, domestic, and well-bred, formed to make the fire-side cheerful, and by her tenderness and affection, to smooth the pillow of sickness, and to dissipate the languor, the caprice, and peevishness of age. She is generous, without being lavish, and economical, without meanness; handsome, without knowing it, and elegant, without affectation. In fact, Miss Fitzwarren is every thing a woman ought to be, without being out of her earthly character. She possesses the amiable quality of *quietness*, which is rather a rare *ingredient* in the composition of woman; and her virtuous industry proves her a *pearl of great price*. In speaking of the character of Colonel Frogmore, we cannot do better than let our readers know what sort of a *good man* was the handsome colonel.

Colonel Frogmore's mother, who was a Fitzwarren, married for love an adventurer, who proved to be the waiter of an inn, to the great distress of her family. The colonel receives a good education, and, after his mother's death, is looked upon as a good man. He was put into the army.

'Endowed with a fine person, and all that elegant sweetness of manner, once so conspicuous in his mother before her disproportionate marriage, he, on entering a military life, became the general favourite of his superior officers: he had, besides, a most certain passport towards promotion, that of never contradicting a superior officer; to which exalted personages he administered a copious and pleasing dose each day of that kind of politeness, which by some is not unaptly denominated *cringing*.'

Captain Frogmore rises rapidly in his profession. On his father's death, the obscurity of his origin on that side wears away in a short time, particularly as he is enabled to purchase

a lieutenant colonelcy, &c. He was a sober, steady, pious character, never heard to swear or call ill names, very cautious in intrigue, for he was *constitutionally chaste* as snow; and his parsimony rendered him abstemious. He was lucky in the lottery by gaining in two years sixty thousand pounds. He marries a rich maiden lady, proud of her purse, though past the bloom of youth; and though the colonel could not be said to be in love, yet the utmost congeniality of sentiment prevailed; for each of them doted on money. They lived entirely in the country in a superb house, with every possible appendage, gave little away, paid their tradesmen with a cheerful countenance, and were set down as *good people*. But Mrs. Green observes, that 'there are sins of omission as well as *commission*. Colonel Frogmore did no harm, it is true; but with his large fortune, how much good might he have done, which he did not do?' This Captain Fitzwarren had frequently called on this very *good man*, but the good colonel was never at home; and, whenever he met the honest tar in the street, always lamented the cruel chance which deprived him of the pleasure of seeing him. This *good man* of a colonel, however, was wary enough never to appoint a time for receiving him, Captain Fitzwarren, to his house, or of ever asking him to take a dinner.

Eliza Fitzwarren, the little Betsy, whom we have before mentioned, and who is an orphan, comes up to her uncle, the honest tar upon half pay, with the hope of getting into a family as governess. She applies to a Mrs. Dormer, who is much prepossessed in her favour, and only requires a reference to engage with her. Eliza sees the colonel's name in the card rack of Mrs. Dormer, and refers her to that gentleman to say something in her favour. As the colonel lived about three miles from London, the day being fine, she sets out to take the coach which would carry her near her cousin's house; but being too late, she puts her best foot foremost, and walks to the elegant residence of Colonel Frogmore, called Woodbine Hall. On being ushered into the presence of the colonel, the *good man* received her with much apparent cordiality, but on learning the object of her mission, after much hypocritical *palaver*, he refuses the recommendation which his poor relative solicits at his hands.

'Then you will not, Sir,' said Eliza, much depressed, 'say one word in my favour, should you be applied to?' 'Impossible, my good girl,' said he, 'truth is my guide, and that I should ever violate that: good morning.'

Such is one of Mrs. Green's *good men* of modern date! The singular system of education adopted by Mrs. Jefferies is well described in the seventh chapter of the first volume. Mrs. Jefferies pretends to *improve* upon the system of Rousseau, and, as might naturally be expected, she produces only a monstrous accumulation of absurdities. The character of a jail-keeper's daughter, and the fiend Mrs. Umfreville, with the eccentric, but amiable

Mr. Hartley, are all so well arranged and well-mixed together as to make good men of modern date a very agreeable lounge. We must not take leave of Mrs. Green, without expressing our dissatisfaction at her printer; for, surely, never was any thing so carelessly printed as this work. We have 'Mr.' for 'Mrs. ;' 'dasking,' for 'dashing ;' 'their,' for 'her's ;' and similar inaccuracies, particularly in the first volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*Pratique de l'orateur François, ou Choix de Pièces d'Eloquence, Tirées des Meilleurs Poëtes et Prosateurs de la Langue Française. Formant Un Cours de Rhétorique Pratique, à l'usage de la Jeunesse Angloise qui Cultive cette Langue. Ouvrage divisé en Trois Parties, Précédé d'un Essai sur l'Action Oratoire. Par M. Lenoir, Auteur des Syllabaires Logographiques et Emblématiques François et Anglois : des Fastes Britanniques, et de Plusieurs Autres Ouvrages Estimés, et Professeur de Belles Lettres, et de Déclamation, Française. Quatrième Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée de Plusieurs Pièces, dont quelques unes n'ont encore Jamais été confiées à l'impression. A Londres Dulau, 1812, 12mo. 5s. 6d.*

AS this volume of French extracts has arrived at a fourth edition, we suppose, that it has had an extensive circulation, and been generally found to answer the purpose for which it was designed.

ART. 28.—*The Life and Adventures of Paul Plaintive, Esq. an Author, compiled from Original Documents, and interspersed with Specimens of his Genius, in Prose and Poetry. By Martin Gribaldus Swammerdam (his Executor), Vols. 2. London, Sherwood, 10s. 6d.*

A DEDICATION, a preface, and an introduction, present themselves *in limine* in the work now before us. The latter may be useful in persuading people of straitened circumstances to fall in love with poverty. It endeavours to make them believe, that they are more enviable in not being able to purchase a joint of mutton for their families once a week, than those who revel in fish, soup, and patties every day. In fact, our author is vastly comic on the theme of poverty; and kindly furnishes a salvo for all the evils attendant on an empty stomach and a ragged coat. This work may truly be called 'Life and Adventures,' for it not only gives us a sketch of the said Paul Plaintive, papa and mamma, but a very circumstantial account of how the said Paul came to make his appearance in this world of care and misery, with the ludicrous occurrences and mishaps of his papa, Mr. Ezekiel Plaintive, who is aroused by his wife to go in search of the *accoucheur*, who is to introduce this hopeful heir to the light of the blessed sun. Some of our readers, on hearing this, may possibly turn up their noses, and begin to talk of some old acquaintances they may remember, called Tristram Shandy, Oba-

diah, and Doctor Slop, and begin to draw comparisons; but we beg leave, with all politeness, to remind those ladies and gentlemen, that comparisons are odious; and that they may possibly find as much wit and merit in the *Life and Adventures of Paul Plaintive, Esq.* as they can wish, or can understand, without the mystery of innumerable stars which adorn the said *Tristram Shandy*. It has the merit of that renowned work also of flying from one subject to another, and of breaking off as abruptly as folks of keen wit can wish, with the consolation of knowing, that a third and a fourth volume are forthcoming, if desired. It is to be hoped, that our readers will be gratefully sensible of this promised kindness: and we have no hesitation in declaring from the specimen before us, that the author of '*The Life and Adventures of Paul Plaintive, Esq.*' is quite equal to the finishing of the above history with as much facetiousness as he has begun it.

ART. 29.—*Definitions of some of the Terms made use of in Geography and Astronomy; intended for Learners to impress on their Memories by Transcribing. The Second Edition. London, Darton, 1812, 4to.*

THE time which is devoted to penmanship, may also be usefully employed, according to the present plan of Mr. Hodgkin, in fixing some important truths on the juvenile memory. Young persons will find their advantage in imitating these copies, instead of those trite ones, which are most commonly employed for this purpose, and by which no addition is made to the stock of useful information.

ART. 30.—*Specimens of Greek Penmanship. Engraved by H. Ashby. London, Nicol, 4to.*

WE mentioned Mr. Hodgson's '*Calligraphia Græca*' with praise in the C. R. for September, 1808. The present work is well calculated to assist young persons in the acquisition of Greek penmanship. To write the Greek character with elegance and facility, is no contemptible accomplishment.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in March, 1812.*

AN Appeal, &c. relating to Transactions between Colonel Greville and Mrs. George Wyndham. 5s.

A peep at the Theatres, &c. a Novel, by an old naval Officer. 3 Vols. 12mo. 18s.

A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Goddard, by a Layman. 2s.

Bruce John, M. P. F. R. S.—Report on the Negotiation respecting the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. 4to. 15s.

Byron Lord Chiilde Harold's Pilgrimage, a Poem. 4to. 1l. 10s.

Bunyan Humphry, A. M.—Epi-
thalmium on a recent Marriage, 2s.

Clark Thomas.—A new System of Arithmetic.

Courteney Rev. John.—Cursory Remarks on a Bill for regulating Parish Registers. 1s. 6d.

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Deatry Rev. W.—An Examination of Dr. Marsh's Inquiry, &c.

Edwards J. L. D.—Report of the leading Decisions in the High Court of Admiralty, &c. 2s.

Grenville, Lord G.—Portugal, a Poem in 2 Parts. 4to. 16s.

Ganilk Charles.—An Inquiry into the various Systems of political Economy. Translated from the French, by D. Boileau.

Hill George, D. D.—Lectures upon Portions of the Old Testament, 8vo. 12s.

Hints to the Public and the Legislature, &c. Pt. 5. By a Barrister. 4s. 6d.

Hobhouse, J. C.—Some Account of a Journey into Albany, Rummelia, and other Provinces of Turkey, in 1809 and 1810.

Hunt John.—Agricultural Memoirs, or History of the Dishley System. 8vo. 5s.

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Proceedings of the public Meeting of the Bible Society at Bristol. 1s.

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Redding Cyrus.—Mount Edgcombe, a Poem. 3s. 6d.

Report of the York Auxiliary Bible Society. 1s. 6d.

Stanhope.—Confessional of Valombre, a Romance.

Stothert Captain W.—A Narrative of the principal Events of the Campaign of 1809, 1810, and 1811, 8vo. 8s.

State Watchman, a Poem. 1s.

The Conduct of Man, a didactic epistolary Poem. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Vansittart, Right Hon. N.—Three Letters on the Bible Society.

Walker John, D. D.—The economical History of the Hebrides, &c. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

ERRATUM.

In our last Number (for February, 1812) p. 223, line 15, for Mr. Malthus, read Mr. Hussey.